The Bystander. No. 2 Vol. IV. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1904

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 45.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 12, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Norah Kerin

The charming exponent of Miranda in *The Tempest* at His Majesty's Theatre

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A DAY WITH LOUIS XIV. IN 1904

THE CINEMATOGRAPH IN OLD VERSAILLES

Photo by *Pathé Frères*

A Premature Photo

Three of the organisers of the cinematograph display step back three centuries

Monsieur le Correspondant du BYSTANDER *est prié de bien vouloir assister à Une Séance Cinématographique au Parc de Versailles à laquelle prendront part S. M. Louis XIV. et sa Cour.*

This was the tenor of my invitation, and, with a vivid recollection of the capture and recapture of a Russian fort, and other curiously faked pictures of the war in the Far East, which Messieurs Pathé Frères, who now invited me to Versailles, had allowed me to reproduce in THE BYSTANDER (May 25), I had no hesitation in accepting.

It was nine in the morning, and, as the little group of pressmen, photographers, and other hopelessly twentieth century guests, arrived in motor-cars and from the railway station, Louis XIV., and eighty members of his Court, drove up in what the French call *tapissières*, long-bodied cars with cross benches in which all visitors to Paris have undoubtedly seen the Cook's tourist driving round to see the wonders of the city.

"*Attention, tout le monde! Sa Majesté arrive!*" The lords and ladies fall into position, and the magnificent State Coach—the real one, which Louis XIV. used—which had been borrowed for the purpose from the Trianon—drawn by four rather lean but gorgeously caparisoned horses, drove slowly up, and as the lords and ladies bowed in reverential awe, Louis XIV. stepped with much majesty into the coach on the cinematograph's blind side, and out of it again in full view of the instrument, to be received by a charming Madame de Maintenon, who, ten minutes before, had been sharing a paper of *pommes frittes* with one of the coachmen.

"And now to dinner!" cried the manager in mufti. And all of us moved round to the lake with the

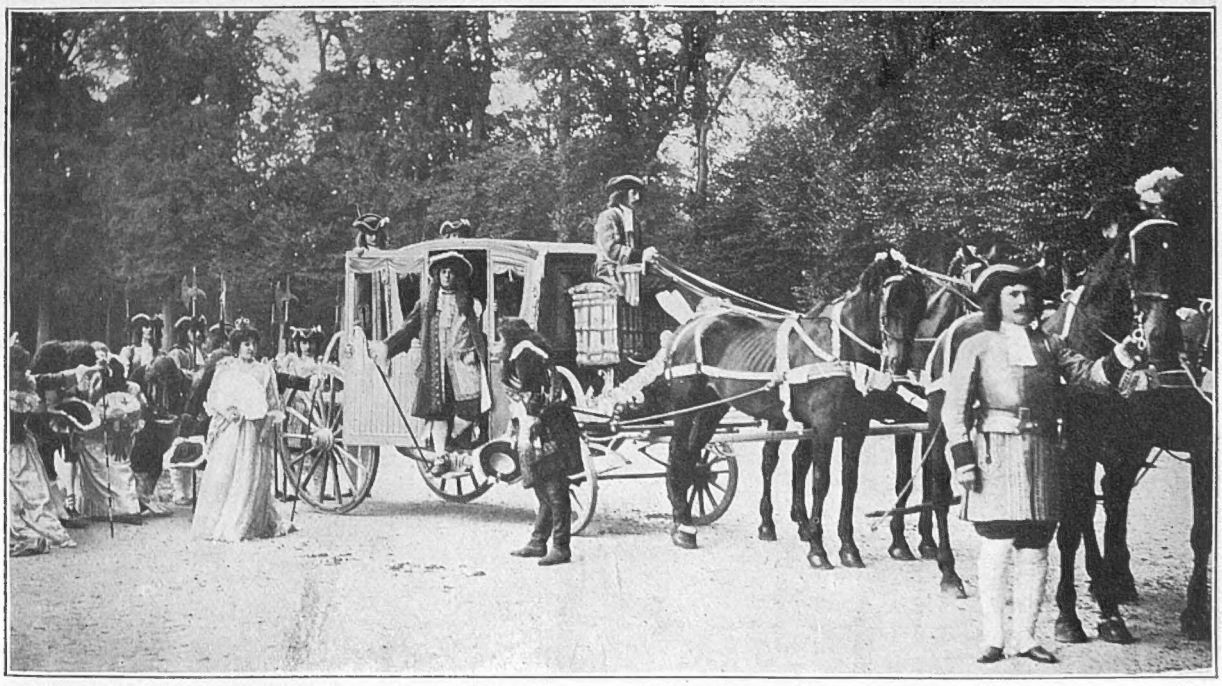


Photo by *Pathé Frères*

The arrival of King Louis XIV. at his Palace at Versailles

Neptune fountain in it, where a plain deal table had been covered with a snow-white cloth, on which dessert was laid out sumptuously, with a big bottle of champagne (did Louis XIV. drink champagne?) well to the front.

And as the gloriously garbed group took up positions at and round the table, the Neptune fountain sprayed into foam-driven shapes, the courtiers chatted, flirted, and moved here and there about the sward, and in the distance the musicians with their fifes and drums made music. It was "Viens, poupoule" they played, but that would not be cinematographically reproduced, and the tune served to keep the ladies and attendant courtiers smiling and happy looking.

Photo by *Pathé Frères*

Louis XIV., Mme. de Maintenon, and the Court at dinner

The three organisers have apparently not been invited to dine at Court

There had been one false start when three men of 1904 got inside the picture, but once the real start was made, everything went off with the *éclat* of a real *fête* of two and a half centuries ago.

And then one of the prettiest and the most difficult of scenes was enacted, for lords and ladies were invited to stroll round about the lake in which the Neptune fountain played, and while some of them put off in a boat, others drew up in picturesque groups, chatting and flirting, and, as a very modern-minded colleague whispered to me, generally "carrying on" in quite a seventeenth century manner.

Later in the day, we had more sylvan scenes down in the Bosquet de la Colonnade, and the day's doings ended with a sensational duel, fought by patrician and somewhat *décollete* ladies, under the eyes of His Majesty, some of the courtiers, and those of the mere moderns, who were privileged to see it.

There has been some considerable excitement here in Paris because of the authorisation given to Messieurs Pathé to make use of the Versailles Park, and its historic glades and fountains, for a cinematographic display. So great has the fuss made been that it was necessary for the Minister of Public Instruction to calm venerators of the past by a semi-official note published in the *Temps*, in which it was explained that Messieurs Pathé had been authorised to reproduce a famous and a picturesque portion of French history for ultimate use in scholastic establishments.

And so before long, French school children, and those of England and America, will see the Court life of Le Roi Soleil through the spy-glass of modern science. I take it, however, that the ladies' duel will be reserved for the elder pupils.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Photo by] **Gallants and fair dames round the Fontaine de Neptune** *[Pathé Frères*

The Marquis of Anglesey's Jewels

During the present week a portion of the jewels of the splendid Marquis are to be sold by auction at Anglesey Castle. The noble Marquis had a strong penchant for these trinkets, and, unlike some fashionable ladies, by no means kept them hidden in their cases. Our readers will recollect that, during the periods when the noble Marquis gaily pirouetted on the stage of his own theatre as Aladdin, or other magnificent parts, such *rôles* afforded him the opportunity of displaying jewels variously estimated in value from a quarter of a million sterling upwards.

The French Tichborne Case

The French Tichborne case, as it is so described, promises to provide one of the most melodramatic episodes in real life which law courts have ever had to unravel. Briefly put, the Marquis de Casa Riera lives in a palatial residence in the Rue de Berri, Paris; his fortune is estimated at from six to eight millions sterling; he owns estates in Spain and France, and he has been courted by high and low; and he is, finally, a Grandee of Spain. The family sprang from a humble origin, it being popularly believed that the first Marquis, who died in 1881 at an advanced age, laid the foundations of his fortune by the theft of a casket of jewels belonging to a Queen of Spain. This same Marquis himself provided sufficient material for a romance which would be voted too far-fetched for a novel. He married, it is said, a young wife, but she proved unfaithful; he murdered her, and after confessing to

Photos by *Wickens*

Two photographs of the Marquis of Anglesey in his full regalia

Some of these jewels, which rendered the above costumes probably the most costly that have ever been seen on the stage, are being sold in lots at Anglesey Castle this week

the Queen, was permitted to flee to France, still retaining his title and estates. This seems rather a high-coloured story. He lived in Paris, and, at his death, bequeathed his title and property to a nephew, a certain José. This José died mysteriously (so the story goes), and his brothers, Gonzales and Alexandro, became heirs of the Marquis. Gonzales, for some reason, assigned his share to Alexandro, the present Marquis, who has enjoyed possession of it for twenty-three years. Suddenly an obscure blacksmith appears on the scene with a startling claim. The Marquis, he declares, is an impostor. As a proof, he produces the death certificate of Alexandro, who died in 1878, aged fifty-eight. The present Marquis, he asserts, would be eighty-one years old were he alive, while the present holder of the title is only sixty. Certainly the Marquis, of whom we publish a photograph, looks nearer sixty than eighty-one. The case is now being investigated; the Marquis declares that the blacksmith has forged all the documents, and denies the story *in toto*. Possession is nine-tenths of the law, but, nevertheless, the blacksmith, who claims to be a direct descendant of José, has his case pat, and has gained the support of many leading Parisian gentlemen, including, among others, the Comte de Dion.

The Marquis Alexandro de Casa Riera
Whom the blacksmith claimant declares to be a fraudulent impostor

Dissolving a Partnership

In the theatrical world at the present moment there is one topic which is exciting much interest and speculation as to the future. This topic is, of course, the coming dissolution of the long and successful partnership between Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude. Into the cause which has produced this rift it would, perhaps, be unwise to probe. Rumour has many tongues, but in this case they all speak with one voice. Let us hope that rumour is wrong, and be content to wish both parties success "on their own." There is no occasion to say much now about the versatile and clever Mr. Cyril Maude, except strongly to urge all those who have not seen his inimitable "Captain Barley" to hurry off to the

The blacksmith claimant to the title and property of the Marquis de Casa Riera
The property to which claim is made is worth from six to eight millions sterling

THE TWO PRINCIPALS IN THE SENSATIONAL FRENCH "TICHBORNE" CASE

New Theatre and get introduced. Very shortly Mr. Maude takes a well-earned holiday, and though Mr. Giddens, who takes his place, is an old favourite, it is doubtful whether his "affability" will quite equal that of Mr. Maude. The latter, it may well be believed, is taking a holiday more on account of his wife than for the sake of resting from his own labours. Everyone knows that Mrs. Maude (Miss Winifred Emery) has suffered from a long and painful illness, which has prevented her acting for many months—it is almost years—but now she has so far pulled round that she may be taken abroad, and Mr. and Mrs. Maude are off to the Isles of Greece. The popular actor owns many friends, and one of them, who is blessed with wealth,

Photo by **Mrs. Gregory** [*Beresford*

A grand-daughter of the great singer, Jenny Lind, and married this year to Mr. Gregory, of the Foreign Office

is going to build "Captain Barley" a new theatre, where in due course he will appear, and when he does everyone trusts that Miss Emery will appear too. Only those who saw Miss Emery in the old "Sowing the Wind" days at the Comedy, under Mr. Comyns Carr's management, perhaps quite realise the extent of her powers. Mr. Frederick Harrison, under the new scheme, will retain the management of the reconstructed Haymarket, of which he has always been lessee, and everyone is wondering who will take Mr. Maude's place as "Star." We may have to wait some time before we hear. Mr. Harrison is one of the most astute managers in London, and the term "Haymarket luck" would be better expressed

Photo by **Mr. Cyril Maude** [*Biograph Studio*

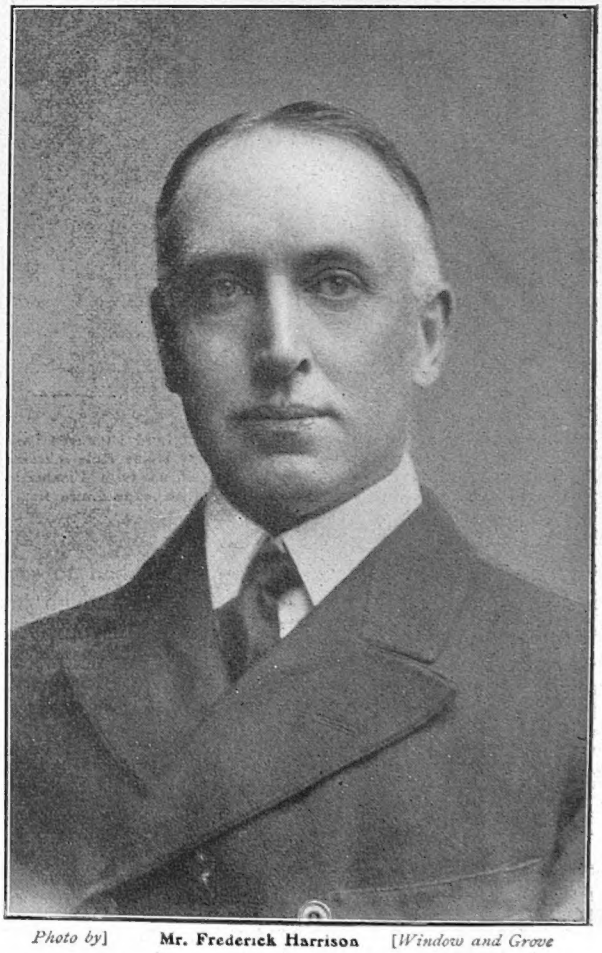


Photo by **Mr. Frederick Harrison** [*Window and Grove*

The remarkable association of Mr. Maude and Mr. Harrison at the Haymarket Theatre, which led invariably to success, is shortly to be severed, to the great regret of the play-going public

as "Good business." He is a courteous, kindly gentleman withal, who never refuses to read plays or forgets to answer letters. He has a keen eye for coming talent in young dramatists, and quite strong views about casting plays suitably. At one time, he was in partnership with Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Lyceum. Will that old partnership now be renewed?

Sir William Harcourt

Mr. Balfour admirably summed up the two most prominent traits of the late Sir William Harcourt's character when he said of him: "Though he was a hard fighter his thrusts were never poisoned." As a great lawyer, Sir William Harcourt's premises and conclusions always rested on a sound logical basis. He was a believer in great economic principles, the furthering of which was the sole aim of his long and strenuous life. He well knew what he had to say, and in the heat of the fiercest debate, though his blows fell hard, he never lost sight of his purpose, and never, to use a sporting phrase, "hit below the belt." He belonged to what we have come to speak of reverently as the "Old School," a school which sought election on the strength of its principles, not on the relative horse-power of its electioneering motor-cars, and which, when returned to the House, set to work in a manner which seems incredible to the present *dilettante* school of politicians. In the days when Sir William Harcourt began to make his mark, the House had not come to be regarded as the most comfortable "club" in England, but as a place in which work, vital and important, was done. Born in 1827, the venerable Statesman was on the verge of completing his seventy-seventh year when he passed away. As Solicitor-General, Home Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he served his country faithfully, and won not only the respect and admiration of his party and its supporters, but of all men who value that which is best and worthiest in public life.

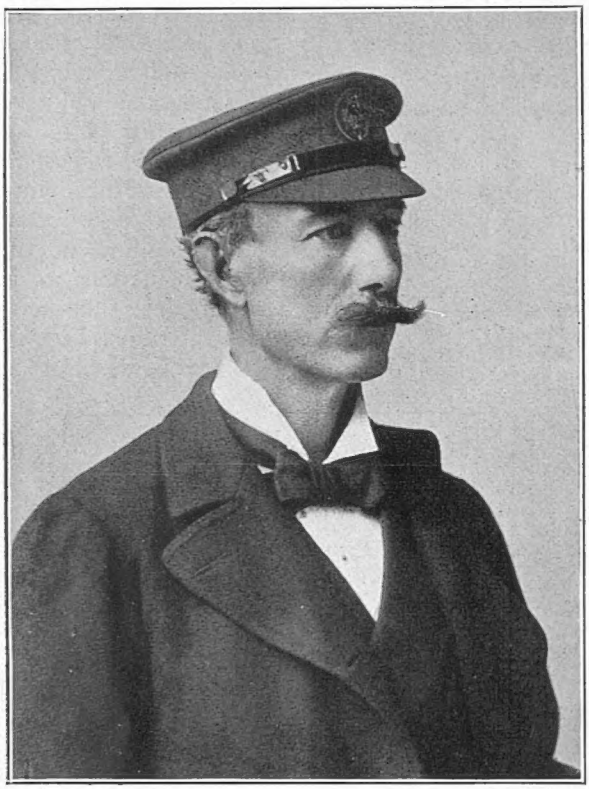


Photo by *Dickinsons*

Earl of Dunraven

Known chiefly to the public as a yachtsman Lord Dunraven has lately taken the lead in an agitation for a new Home Rule scheme for Ireland, which includes the formation of an Irish Financial Council to take over the control of purely Irish expenditure from the Treasury

Major-General Kekewich

There is something eminently fitting in the choice of Major-General R. G. Kekewich to unveil a war memorial to the men of the 1st Battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, for he was in command of the battalion when the war broke out, and a wing of the battalion went through the siege of Kimberley under him. Major-General Kekewich, it will be remembered, commanded the garrison during the siege of Kimberley, which he successfully defended for a period of 123 days. The other wing of his battalion served under Lord Methuen with distinction. Major-General Kekewich comes of a good old Devonshire stock. He is the second son of Mr. Trehawke Kekewich, of Peamore, Exeter, and is a nephew of Mr. Justice Kekewich. He is fifty years of age, and has seen thirty years' service in the Army. He served in the Malay in 1875-6, with the Nile Expedition in 1884-5, in the Suakim operations in 1888. After his defence of Kimberley, he was promoted Major-General for distinguished services in the field, and was created C.B.

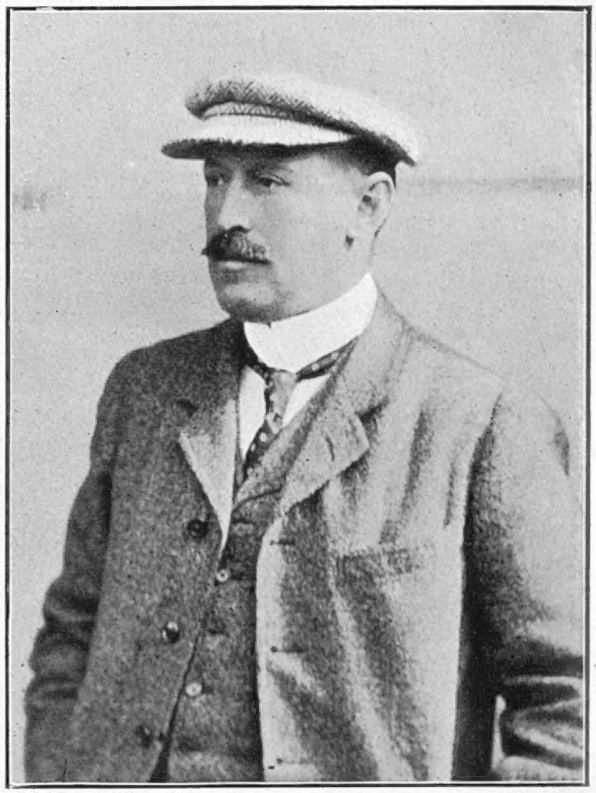


Photo by *M. A. Craigie-Halkett*

Major-General Kekewich

Who unveiled at Preston last week a memorial to officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, who fell in the South African War. Major-General Kekewich is fifty years of age, and has seen thirty years' service in the Army

The late Rt. Hon. Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, M.P.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE PHIL MAY

This sketch of the deceased Statesman was presented as a Supplement to our issue of March 16. It is generally regarded as the most faithful and characteristic of the many caricatures on Sir William which have appeared

In Frivolous Mood

In the reign of Charles II., says the *Daily Mail*, the Page of the Backstairs had an important place in social life.

Is not the page of the backstairs often yet to be found between the covers of our Society journals?

Mr. E. Guy Dawber, President of the Architectural Association, has been making an attack upon our inartistic public and other buildings. There are some people, however, who would not care to accept views on art from a Dawber.

It is stated that clubs are declining. But considering some of the people who manage to get elected, it cannot be said that the clubs are declining much.

"Never Behind," Crewe's municipal motto, is, in the opinion of the Town Council, inappropriate, and a change is to be made. Having regard to the fact that Crewe is the headquarters of a great railway company, the suggestion of the motto's inappropriateness seems a little unkind.

The *Daily Express* thus begins a story about Mrs. Patrick Campbell:

> After rehearsal, she went shopping in Upper Broadway, accompanied by her daughter, her dog (Pinky Pan-key Poo), and her leading man (Mr. Guy Standing).

The juxtaposition is possibly accidental, but somehow we feel rather sorry for Mr. Standing.

Two rivals for the hand of a fair inhabitant of New Jersey, are to decide the matter by a game of cards. But, if we know anything of women, it will be the loser whom the lady will find she really wanted.

A discussion is proceeding in French literary circles regarding an apt name for the new motor-boat. It is said that up to the present "Auto-canot" is the favourite suggestion. But would it not be better to appropriate this term for application to indifferent chauffeurs?

The new Lord Mayor, Mr. John Pound, will look for proper respect from the City police. He rightly points out that, while he is a Pound, they are only coppers.

A contemporary, referring to the Egyptian fellah, states that

> he has a quite extraordinary disregard for time; and if he is called on to take a railway journey, he makes no inquiries as to hours of departure, but goes to the station, squats down, and waits for the train, showing no concern, however protracted the delay.

But perhaps it is his very regard for time that prevents his consulting a railway guide.

If Egyptian guides are like English, they will have in them much that "no fellah can understand."

Nursery Rhymes for Little Motorists

(Adapted)

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your Motor go?
With ringing bells and shocking smells
And cylinders all in a row.

—

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And an up-to-date king was he;
He called for his cinematograph, he called
for his radium,
And he called for his chauffeurs three.

Ba! ba! Blacksmith, have you any petrol?
Yes, sir; yes, sir, three cans full;
One for the Panhard, one for the Mors,
One for the little Car that pants without a pause.

—

Three blind men
Couldn't see where they ran,
They all ran into the farmer's wife,
Who took their address as quick as a knife;
Did ever you see such a sight in your life
As three blind men?

Apropos of railway guides, a reformed Bradshaw, giving "the various routes to reach a spot, the shortest time occupied on the journey," etc., has just been published. The following is from a rival guide, which is expected to eclipse even this in usefulness:

> MUDTON-ON-SEA (Essex) 50 m. from London, 4 from BOGBORO'. From London, by rail. Shortest time: 16 hours. See pp. 159, 77a, and 159. Also by sea from London Bridge. Quickest route: by rowing boat.
>
> From BOGBORO', by rail: *viâ* LONGSTOP Junction (4 m.)

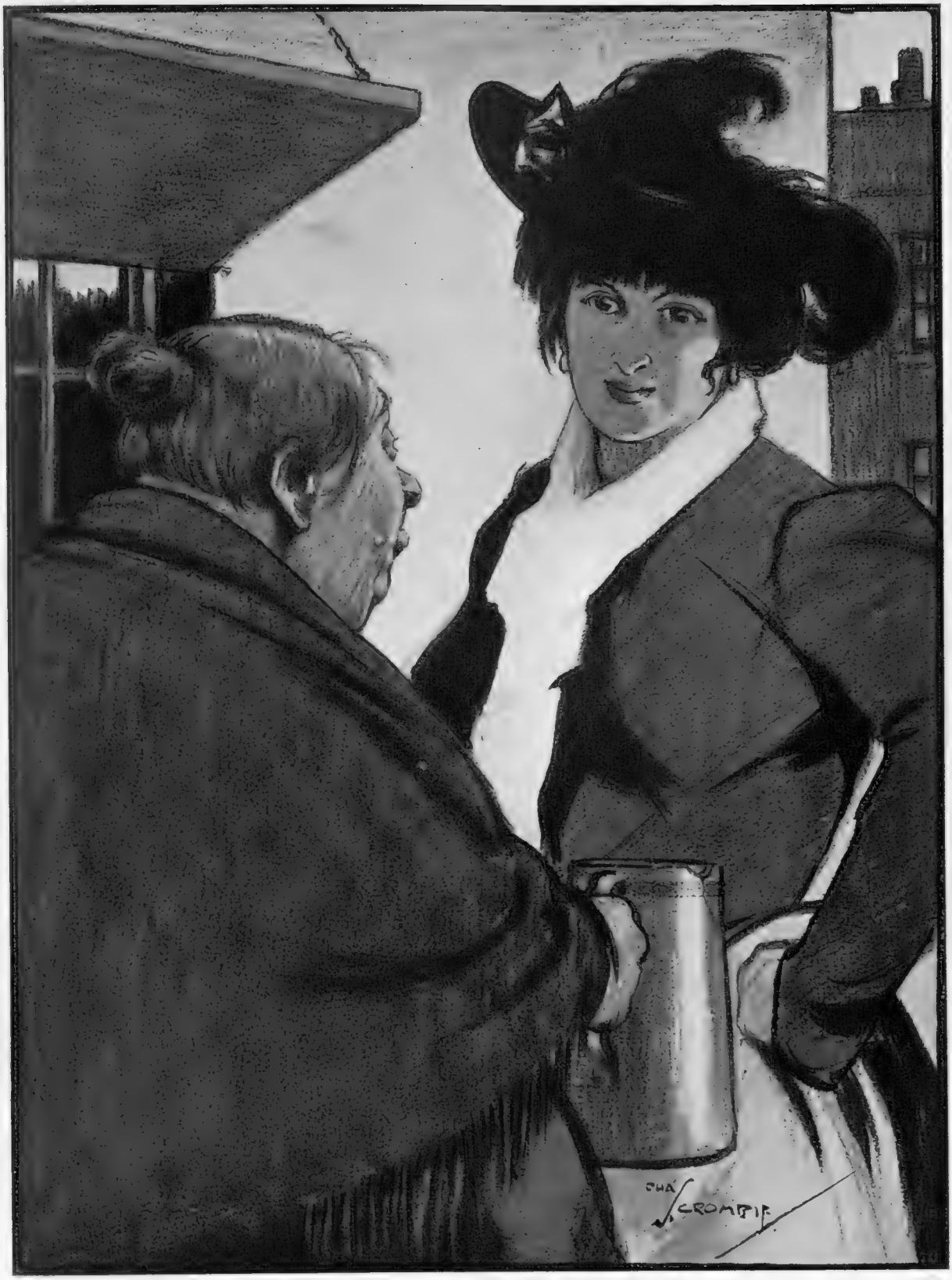
	DOWN. WEEK-DAYS.								
London ...	Mrn. 1.15	Mrn. 3.8	Mrn. 11.10	Aft. 11.50	Aft. 3.9	5.8†	6.10		—
Bogboro' ...	12.10	Except Sat.	9.7*	(2.17)	11.2	Caledonian Express	7.12	Saturdays Only	11.20
Longstop ...	—		Stop				7.20		B. Stop
Mudton ...	—		Slip	10.12		10.5	7.35 A.		9.10

* By signal from MUDTON.
† Dining and Pullman Car.
A. Sundays only.
Quickest route: By Cab.

Masculine Modes

By Our Attaché

TROUSERS.—The popularity of the trouser, as an article of male attire, shows no signs of waning. No well dressed man-about-town feels himself quite



A DISTRESSING BULLETIN

"An ow's yer old man?"

"'E aint a bit better. As I ses to 'im only last night, I ses, once yer git roomatics inter yer cistern, yer never git it aht, I ses"

complete without them. During a stroll in the neighbourhood of Shepherd's Bush I noticed that they are worn as much as ever—more particularly at the heels.

I also observed a gentleman on a bicycle, who was wearing his socks *outside* his trousers; this struck me as a novelty, and I give it to my readers for what it is worth

"Dickeys."—There are signs that the "dickey" is coming into favour once more; at least so I gathered from a cursory glance at the window of a well-known hosier in the Harrow Road. There were "dickeys" with collars attached, and "dickeys" without, and some of the coloured ones struck me as being exceedingly bright and striking, and in no case were the prices at all exorbitant. The "dickey," however, has yet to be designed that will look really well with evening dress. In the same window I noticed some cleverly made-up ties; one with the Union Jack and Tricolor intertwined (and embroidered with the monograms E.R. and R.F.) particularly took my fancy. I think it was called the *Entente Cordiale*.

Dress Suits.—These should be carefully put away when not in use. I *think* the charge is ½*d.* for the ticket, plus ½*d.* per month for every 2*s.*, as far as I can remember. It is as well to get them out the day before they are required, in order that they may be well aired.

THE TRAVELLERS' JOY

Railway Official *(to Mr. and Mrs. Trotter, rather bustled)*: "Two eighteen to Solbury? Platform nine, over the bridge, then through the subway, and up stairs on the left. Front portion of the train"——

At the Comedy Theatre

"HIS HIGHNESS MY HUSBAND"

A Fantastic Comedy adapted from the French by William Boosey

The pomp and circumstance of petty royalty make an ideal setting for a comedy. There is amusement to be derived from all the members of a principality. Even the severe black legs of a punctilious President of the Council are irresistibly funny.

His State-aided vision, too, is so limited and direct that he is bound to clash merrily with every human being with whom he comes in contact.

This official is a very old friend of whom we never tire—and so are his associates, the ministers of the various departments of State. If their leader is uncompromising, they are infinitely more so. There is a stern set to their whiskers, which is only rivalled by the hirsute disguises of transpontine stage-detectives. Of the inner life of these ministers we are permitted to know little. On the stage they always act in concert—a guttural chorus.

To take another facet of that jewel of the stage, the petty principality. There is a delightful contrast between the rigid morality of the ministers and that of an ex-regal rake. The latter, in reality, represents the normal world, for, though the normal world is not immoral, it has catholic tastes far beyond the comprehension of State officialdom.

Miss Miriam Clements
Sonia (The Queen)
To her husband: "You are my subject"

In brief, *His Highness My Husband* is a piece the setting of which contains elements which have not yet lost their freshness of humour.

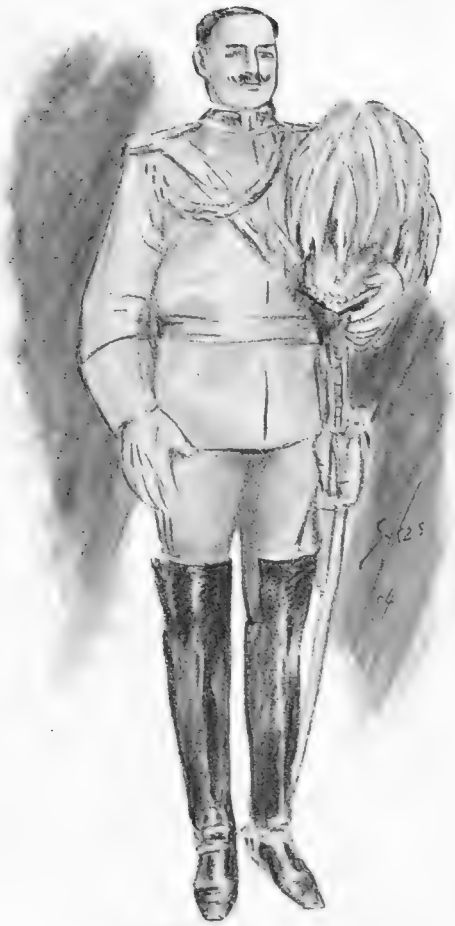
Mr. Eric Lewis plays the rakish monarch, and is of immense service in an adaptation from the French. For, as the *diablerie* of our Continental neighbours is to the heavy wickedness of our own race, so is Mr. Lewis's acting to that of the majority of his fellows in a *rôle* like the ex-King of Ingra.

Mr. Lewis's hand-play is something more than merely expressive and graceful. It is, I believe, necessary in order to prevent him from toppling over under the temporary stress of various fugitive emotions. A turn of the wrist, and to our relief he regains his balance after a shock to his sensibility which would not cause another man to budge.

The *quondam* monarch comes to Court on behalf of his son's State-arranged engagement to Queen Sonia. The first interview is comedy itself. The Queen, bashful as a maiden should be in the circumstances; the Duke Cyril (the State *fiancé*) making furtive eyes at the lady; his father longing to get the business over in order to have a chat with the Minister of Finance about his salary; with the Chamberlain about his suite of apartments, and the general disposition for his well-being; the Queen's aunt (a *rôle* in which Miss Lottie Venne revelled), impatient for the trysting with her gigantic martial lover; and, in the background, a row of simpering ladies-in-waiting, whose levity, as a contrast, is the finishing touch to the frozen gloom of the ministers. The note of comedy struck in this delightful interview of State resounds throughout the play. It is evoked at will by Mr. Eric Lewis and Miss Lottie Venne.

Occasionally these two characters show their dexterity by the manner in which they give point, and not too much point, to the original lines in the play.

The original version, we are creditably informed, is very French. Mr. Boosey is to be congratulated upon having rendered it not too English. The adaptation of the French comedy element does



Mr. Philip Cuningham
Sandor (Lieutenant of the Queen's Guard)
"Highness!"

not seem to have taxed his capabilities. With the serious elements of the play he has evidently had more trouble. There are two *motifs*, one dependent upon the other, which may be dealt with separately. The first is the marital disagreements which naturally arise between a husband whose position as consort makes him a cypher in the State, and a wife who is queen, in deed as well as name, over her loyal subjects. The dramatic possibilities of this situation were most ably seized upon by Miss Miriam Clements and Mr. Leonard Boyne. The climax in the second act is reached after a scene of considerable power. The tussle for victory between man and wife is severe, and the weapons of each are utilised with no little skill. The woman uses all her art to quell the revolt of her husband. She storms and threatens; he is impassive. Exasperated, she accuses him with plotting against her power. He merely scorns the accusation. In final desperation, she calls in the guard to have him arrested. He turns the situation, and covers her with ridicule. This modern Katharine is beaten, and, womanlike, confesses her love in the hour of defeat.

Surely the motive for the reconciliation is sufficiently strong? After the lines upon which the earlier scenes were played, the climax in the English version is perfectly natural, and does not gain in strength by the additional appeal of the husband to his wife on behalf of the unborn child. The whole episode of the expected heir has mercifully been severely curtailed by the adaptor. Occasional references by the characters to the little stranger are not at all funny. They do not translate well. Mr. Boosey must be congratulated upon the manner in which he has delicately removed a growth which twined about the trunk of the play, without affecting its vitality. The second *motif* has been rendered entirely subordinate. Unless I am greatly mistaken, certain modifications have been made since the production on the first night. The play is all the healthier for it.

With the possible exception of the royal couple, every character in the piece called for great discretion on the part of the players. All acquitted themselves with the greatest credit. Special mention must be made of Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Philip Cuningham. The love passages between the middle-aged coquette, Xenofa, and the bulky Sandor, Lieutenant of the Guard, afforded one of the most amusing side-issues of the play. Sandor must be added to a long list of effective one-line parts with a catchword of which we do not tire. To the ardent expressions of the little royal lady he has but one counter. "Highness!" he stutters, and his embarassment is almost painful to behold.

Mr. Herbert Ross supplied an amusing character study of the President of the Council. He was a model of correctness, from his black silk stockings to the order he wore on his immaculate Court dress. Mr. Ross entered thoroughly into the spirit of caricature on life at Court—the main spirit which animates this entertaining comedy. E. C. S.

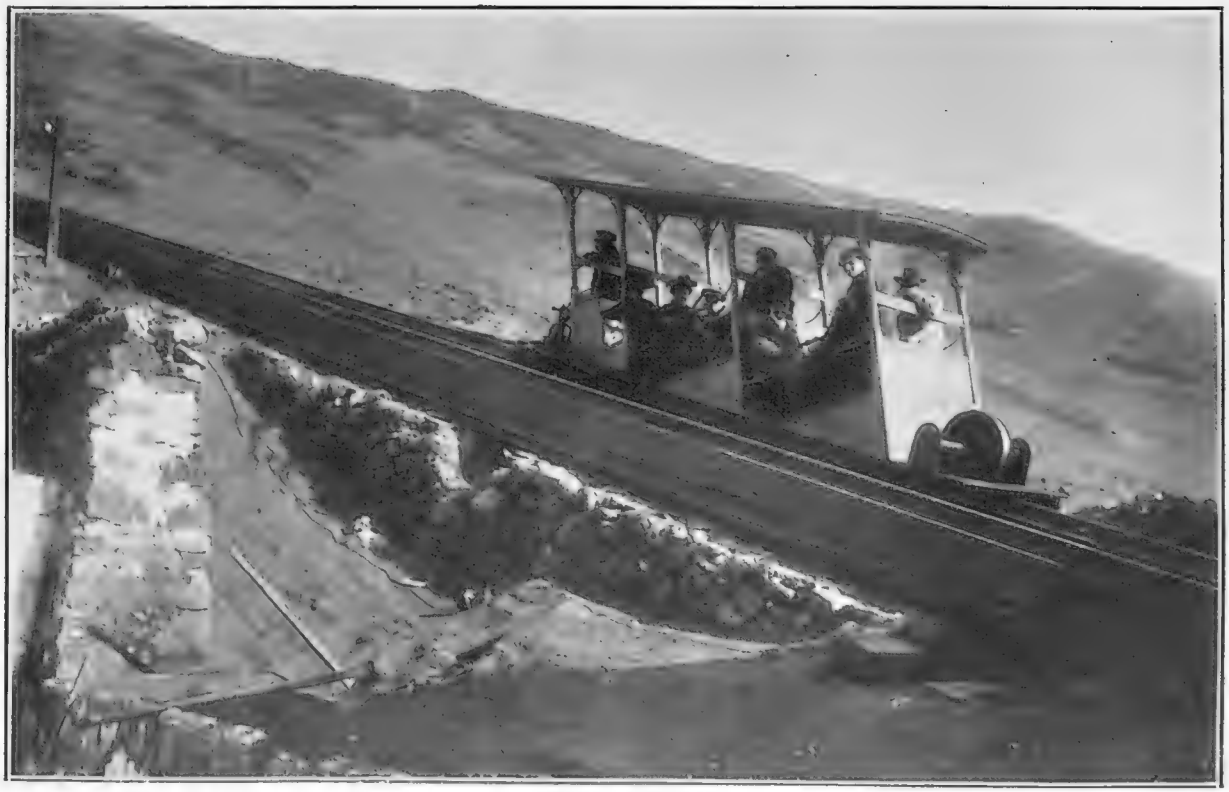
Mr. Eric Lewis
(Ex-King of Ingra)
"The various popular actresses with whom my son's name has at various times been asssociated"

Seeing Vesuvius in Eruption

THE ASCENT

The lower station and starting point of the "Funiculaire Cook'

The recent eruption of Vesuvius, the worst for ten years, brought crowds of spectators to the mountain. Streams of molten lava flowed down the crevices in the mountain side, and, at one explosion, a column of cinders was shot nine hundred feet into the air. Fortunately the Funicular Railway, owned by Messrs. Cook, escaped destruction, and, during the temporary lulls, a few daring spirits climbed to view the smoking crater



Making an ascent of Vesuvius on the Funicular Railway

The ascent of Vesuvius, although it offers few difficulties, is a long and weary plod, and everybody now takes advantage of the "Funicular." Funicular railways, of which only a few are in existence in England, are very common on the Continent. Much to the disgust of Alpine climbers, these railways are laid, or are being laid, to the summits of all the popular Swiss peaks, the famous Jungfrau included

SEEING VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION: THE CRATER

A near view of the mouth of the crater during the recent eruption

This drawing, snowing the steam rising from the abyss, and the bed of ashes surrounding the crater, was made by our correspondent during a short lapse in the eruption. Before, however, it could be finished, another cloud of smoke and hot cinders were thrown out, and our correspondent beat a hasty retreat, though not before taking the snapshot seen below

An eruption of smoke, steam, and ashes from Vesuvius

This photograph was taken 300 yards from the mouth of the crater, the heat, even at that distance, being almost unbearable, while the fine dust and sulphurous fumes rendered breathing extremely difficult

SEEING VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION: THE GUIDES

The guides' refuge near the crater

The present upheaval has proved a harvest to the guides, who know every safe approach to the crater, and the best points of vantage from which to view the eruption. As soon, however, as an explosion takes place, the guides and party are able to find a refuge from the cinders and steam in the shelter seen in our illustration

Guides and gendarmes outside the higher station of the "Funiculaire Cook"

This station is within 300 feet of the crater, and the ascent from the lower station to the summit occupies only eight minutes. In the old days, before the advent of the "Funiculaire," three hours and a half was considered very fair time for making the ascent by the circuitous route then in use

"THE HANDICAP OF MARRIAGE"

OR THE COMPLEAT LETTER-WRITER

By A. A. MILNE

His friends told Robert that he was a man of extremes, and Robert assented to this without quite knowing what was meant. We see him first sitting in his rooms, awaiting the arrival of Violet.

Violet and her mother were coming to tea that afternoon. The importance of the visit to Robert cannot be over-estimated. He and she had come to an understanding; that is, he was in love with her, and she knew that he thought he was. But in her case there happened to be also a Henry. Robert had missed this part of the understanding. . . .

He was dressed in the clothes which she had admired once before, he had brushed his hair for the tenth time, and still there was half-an-hour to wait before they would come. Robert picked up the paper. Five minutes later he was at his desk writing this letter:

To the Editor of the "Wireless."

SIR,—I have been reading the discussion in your columns on the "Handicap of Marriage" with much interest. Most of your correspondents seemed to have strayed from the point. Sir, there is only one thing which induces man to undertake the marriage-tie, only one thing which compels him to unite his life with another in the bond of matrimony "till death do us part." And that, sir, is Love. As the poet says, "What matter if her eyes are blue, are grey, are brown?"—what matter if she is rich or poor, clever or ignorant, extravagant or economical, so long as there is love between them? I affirm that the man or woman who does not marry for love is "fit for treason, stratagem, or spoil. Let no such man be trusted."

As for the paltry suggestion of a writer that marriage should be for periods of ten years only, I ask you, "Has that man ever been in love himself?" Does he know what it is. . . . *(The writing here became illegible).* . . . Has he ever felt this within his heart? No, sir, he has not.

Yours faithfully,

LOVER.

He rang the bell and gave the letter to be posted. A moment later Violet and her mother arrived.

Violet looked absurdly beautiful and absurdly happy. Robert felt cheered by the look in her eyes. He would go through the formality of proposing this afternoon. Handicap of marriage, indeed!

"Violet has a secret to tell you," said her mother. "What a pretty balcony you have!"

Robert took out a chair for her. Then he came back into the room.

"Violet!" he cried.

"Oh, Bobby, what do you think! I wanted to tell you first, because we've always been such friends."

"Only friends!" said Robert in his sentimental manner.

"Of course. Don't be silly. Bobby dear, guess who it is."

"I don't understand," he said, in a voice which he would have liked described as "cold."

"Henry! Henry and I are engaged."

"Engaged? Ha! ha!" laughed Robert in a "hollow" voice.

"Yes. So you must be sensible now, and not try to make love to me any more."

Robert smiled cynically.

"I might have known, I might have known," he said. "You women are all alike. What is a broken heart to you? What is —— Oh, Violet, Violet!"

"Mother," called Violet. "Bobby says will you come in to tea."

"Bah!" said Robert. He waited upon them with an air of gentle resignation. Once or twice he sighed. . . .

When they were gone he drew up his chair and wrote:

To the Editor of the "Wireless."

SIR,—I have read with much interest your discussion on the "Handicap of Marriage." Most of your correspondents seemed to have strayed from the point. It is the gross selfishness of women, and the mercenary motives which underlie all their dealings with men, that prevent us from lightly undertaking the marriage bond. I assert freely that with ninety-nine women out of a hundred love never enters into their calculation when they are considering an offer of marriage. It is the man with the largest purse who has the best chance of being accepted, and I wish him joy of it. Consider the girl of to-day. Extravagant, "fast," untruthful, selfish, vain, untruthful, heartless, selfish, and "fast," as they are, is it any wonder that the sensible man fights shy of them, or else regards them merely as amusing playthings? (And not always amusing.) One writer talks about love. Love! Women don't know what love is. Let him wait till he has tasted of the bitterness of the cup of sorrow which woman so heedlessly spills!

Yours truly,

ONE WHO HAS TASTED.

He posted the letter, and, having lit his pipe, reflected on the future. . . .

What was he doing to-morrow? Something with Violet, wasn't it? Well, that was off now. He would let her see that he was not at anyone's beck and call. . . .

He hadn't seen Mary lately. Why not call on her?

Mary . . .

That was the sort of wife for a man. A good, sensible girl who could attend to the housekeeping. A girl who would be content with one dance a year, and one hat every six months. . . .

A restful, comfortable girl. . . .

None of your feather-headed flirts. . .

Mechanically he took up his pen.

(All rights reserved)

To the Editor of the "Wireless."

SIR,—I have read with interest your correspondence on the "Handicap of Marriage." Most of your correspondents have missed the point. What I say is this. The sort of wife a man wants is a woman who will look after him. A capable, domesticated woman. A woman of the home. And (why not?) a sympathetic, lovable woman, too.

Yours sincerely,
MAN OF BUSINESS.

He posted this letter himself. It seemed to him to close the question. When he had returned to his rooms, he sat in his arm-chair and gave himself up to dreams. . . .

He saw himself married to such a woman. . . .
Mary, perhaps. . . .
He saw himself growing towards middle age. . . .
Surrounded by his family. . . .
Bringing them up to be good citizens. . . .
Girls and boys. . . . Men and women. . . . .
A sheet of note-paper was before him. He wrote:

To the Editor of the "Wireless."

SIR,—I have been reading this correspondence with interest, and I cannot too strongly deprecate the selfish views of your contributors. What can be more worthy, how can one do one's duty better than by bringing up a family to the service of the State, and propagating a long line of heroes to wield the sword of Progress on behalf of our Empire on which the sun never sets?

Yours very sincerely,
FATHER OF TWELVE
(And Tariff Reformer).

He dined that night at the Carlton with his friend James Macgregor. Afterwards they looked in at the Alhambra. . . . They supped at the Savoy. . . .

Next morning, in clearing out his rooms, the housemaid found a scrap of paper bearing these words:

To the Editor of the "Wireless."

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure your correspondence. Most of your competitors seemed to have missed the point. I ask all your competitors, would they preserve their freedom? How can one reserve their freedom unless one remains a bachelor?

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
BACHELOR.

The Patriots

[*Suggested by a visit to "the Halls."*]

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Britons—we're told—were proud of their weak land,
And falsely sang this jingoistic strain:
"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves."

When Britain, next, at Drake's command,
Arose and bagged that azure main,
Britons still loved their more imposing land,
Still loudly sang the less mendacious strain:
"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves."

When Britain, last, by Navy League's command,
Is urged to keep her hold upon the main,
Britons within the gilded Empires stand,
And wildly sing this altruistic strain:
"Rule Japannia! Japannia, take the waves!
Japmen never, *never*, NEVER, shall be slaves!"

Photo by *K. C. Shelley*

Malwood: The late Sir William Harcourt's beautiful home in the New Forest

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON REVISING BARRISTERS, ENGLISH TRAVELLERS, & BLUE-BOOKS

Labour Lost

Revising Barristers have lately been having the time of their lives. Opinions are divided as to whether we are a political nation, but no man likes to be done out of his lawful vote, even if he is not sure, like some of the Thanet electors, who it is that he wants to vote for. Some people do not even like to be done out of their unlawful votes. Still less do the Party Agents like to see us done out of our votes, though there have been cases in which a Conservative Agent, for example, has, to his great disgust, been instrumental in securing votes for people who, at the last moment and for no better reason perhaps than that they dislike the cap which Mr. Brodrick invented for the defenders of our country, turn out to be Liberals. Indeed, there have been worse reasons—from a Tory point of view

The Judgment of Solomon

The problems set to Solomon pale before some of the problems set to Revising Barristers. Consider the question as to which of two voting lists shall retain the names of gentlemen who sleep with their feet in one county and their heads in another—an arrangement which the architecture, combined with the geography, of Great Britain appears to render not uncommon. Solomon would have suggested cutting these electors in half. No such solution of the difficulty could be propounded by the Revising Barrister, for the most ardent party politician would hardly consent to it. In a particular case of this kind which arose recently, I believe the Barrister allowed the names to remain on both lists. He seemed to think that some voters are as much entitled to vote with their heels as with their heads. Perhaps he was right.

Photo by] **The last of the famous old Punch Bowl Club** [*Thiele*

"Ye Olde Punch Bowle Club, which has just broken up, was one of the most famous of London's Bohemian brotherhoods. Founded by the late Percy Wood, the well-known sculptor, it was a resort for artists, and its principal feature was a weekly dinner, at which a distinguished guest was entertained. Lord Roberts, Lord Alverstone, the Bishop of London, and many other well-known public men have sat at its festive board. At the club premises was a collection of rare curios

An Englishman Abroad

Some day, perhaps, the English tourist will cease to travel on the Continent in a manner suggesting that he has left his wits behind him. Then we shall hear no more of such misadventures as befell an English clergyman in Antwerp a few days ago. This gentleman, having landed in Antwerp for the first time in his life apparently, placed himself in charge of a Belgian youth, to be conducted to a hotel. The Belgian youth conducted him, instead, to "a lonely field," where, in conjunction with some other Belgian youths, he fell upon his victim, and, having stripped him of his purse, watch, and gold spectacles, left him bleeding upon the ground. It is a painful story.

Fools and Knaves

At the same time, it is but fair to point out that people who travel, even if it is only to Antwerp, should be encouraged, as far as possible to exhibit the ordinary symptoms of intelligence. Antwerp is a large city, and, like all large cities, contains some rogues in it and some lonely fields, as well as many hotels. The way to find a hotel is to provide oneself with a guide-book, or map, or cab, to ask a policeman, hotel-porter, or tourist agent, or to proceed through the streets keeping one's eyes open, until a hotel presents itself. This rule may be observed by visitors to almost any town with every prospect of success. But the man who, being in search of a hotel, follows the first tout who speaks to him until they reach the lonely field, is inviting rogues to deprive him of his watch, purse, and gold spectacles. Even in London he could hardly expect to retain them.

On Blue-Books

In political novels, where the hero is destined at the end of a few chapters to become Prime Minister, or at least Secretary for Foreign Affairs, it is not unusual to find his rooms in St. James's Street, or wherever they may be, "littered with a few choice Blue-books." Outside political novels—and politicians—I am afraid that very few people's rooms are littered with Blue-books, choice or otherwise. There is, it seems, something in the Blue-book which does not attract us. This may be our fault or it may be the Blue-book's.

An Absorbing Literature

Whichever be to blame, I cannot help thinking that the controllers of our Civil Service might exert themselves to make their literature more widely read. For, after all, it is important literature; it concerns much that we are interested in; we do, as a matter of fact, read much of it at second hand. Look at the recently published annual report of the Local Government Board. It deals, amongst other things, with Poor Relief—a subject with which, in a quite chaotic and largely ignorant way, the daily papers surge. Why should we not read the report itself, if it were only made a little more attractive.

Hints for the Civil Service

Any bright young civilian could reconstruct the Blue-book by examining for a few moments the make-up of a popular magazine. It need not be blue, for instance, or even white. It might have an interesting cover. The L.G.B. book might contain a frontispiece of Mr. Long signing a minute. A poem here and there on municipal subjects would lighten the pages; so would maps and diagrams. "L.G.B. Curiosities" might be made a feature; and there could be acrostics, if necessary. Letters to the President would doubtless make lively reading. It is impossible to enlarge upon the subject here, but seriously, is it not a pity that compilations of such public interest should, owing to their dulness, be lost to the public?

MINIMUS.

Photo by] [*Biograph Studio*

Captain Barley and his associates drink a toast at the "Old Ship"

As every playgoer has doubtless learned by this time, Captain Barley is the amorous skipper, so humorously played by Mr. Cyril Maude in Mr. W. W. Jacobs' play, *Beauty and the Barge*, at the New Theatre. The second act, which is full of hilarity, takes place at the bar of the "Old Ship," at Coastham

CONCERNING THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

(NO. 45 OF THE SERIES)

Emile Loubet was elected seventh President of the Third French Republic, by the Upper and Lower Chambers solemnly assembled at Versailles, in February, 1899, a few days after the sudden—some say the mysterious, the tragic—death of the pompous Félix Faure, whose dearest ambition it was to turn the Elysée into something of a Court. "Félix" (as he was called) was a fop. "Félix" was also a snob. And "Félix" was busily engaged in superintending the raising of a "Palace of Sovereigns" for the Exhibition of 1900, in which he might entertain Kings, Emperors, and Princes, when his vain scheme was suddenly—yes, perhaps mysteriously, tragically—cut short by his death.

Who would succeed him? Presidential elections are usually a surprise. Félix Faure's was a surprise. But of all Presidential elections, M. Emile Loubet's has, in a hundred different ways, been the most surprising.

What a reception was his when he returned to Paris from Versailles on that chilly February afternoon! Vast crowds thronged the approaches to the Gare St. Lazare; and when the new Chief of the State appeared, what a welcome! Yells, and threats, and eggs. With the patriotic Paul Déroulède at their head, the Nationalists and anti-Semites of Paris blew shrill whistles, chanted the "Marseillaise," and shouted "Down with Loubet," and "Death to Loubet," and "Let us hurl the traitor Loubet into the Seine." Quietly, imperturbably, the new President stepped into his carriage—a homely man, in homely clothes, with a white beard, kindly eyes, and a benevolent expression. Pale, but always imperturbable, was the new President as he drove away through the howling mob. All along the route to the Elysée were stationed Paul Déroulède's followers and hirelings. The President passed to the constant crying of "Down with Loubet" and "Death to Loubet." But he remained unmoved, inscrutable. Observed simple, unprejudiced workmen, "Il a du courage, le Père Loubet."

Since Félix Faure's life had been magnificent, it was agreed by his family and friends that his funeral should also be magnificent. Indeed, it was one of the most splendid of funerals—with one anomaly. And the anomaly was the homely figure of the new President, who looked oddly out of place, as he walked bare-headed behind the hearse in the midst of an array of brilliant and distinguished mourners. He was a dwarf beside the superb officers. He was a bourgeois, in his dress suit, beside all those haughty, upright personages in amazing uniforms. And even as he walked, Paul Déroulède and company were plotting in another quarter of Paris to depose him.

"To the Elysée, General, to the Elysée," was shouting Paul Déroulède, with his hand on the bridle of General Roget's horse. Paul Déroulède and company would have led the General to the Elysée in Emile Loubet's absence. Upon his return, Emile Loubet was to have found another in his place. But General Roget refused to turn his horse's head. He is said to have been in the conspiracy. At the last moment, his courage failed him.

For weeks and weeks President Loubet's appearance never failed to provoke hostile demonstrations. While attending the races at Auteuil, a Royalist brought down his stick on the President's hat. It was completely telescoped. The Nationalists rejoiced In the *Intransigeant* cartoons, M. Loubet was ever shown with his hat crushed over his head. But the President received messages of sympathy from every European Court. And when, despite the anxious remonstrances of his friends, the President drove to the Longchamps Meeting on the following Sunday, there were cordial cries of "Vive Loubet." It was his first ovation.

Why these demonstrations? Simply because Emile Loubet was in favour of a revision of the Dreyfus affair; and this, with MM. Brisson, Waldeck-Rousseau, Zola, and a hundred others, he brought about. From February until October, 1899, the President's life was a veritable martyrdom. But all the time he remained cool and imperturbable. At last his pluck won him friends and admirers. Not only simple, unprejudiced workmen recognised his courage. The cries of "Vive Loubet" became enthusiastic. It was realised that the President had restored peace to Paris by sheer strength of personality and will. His popularity was assured when Parisians alluded affectionately to "Le Père Loubet." His popularity increased when the Czar plainly displayed friendship and esteem for the pompous Félix Faure's homely successor. Now, a smile on the face of Emile Loubet as he drove across Paris, to take train for Montélimar, where resides his old mother, almost a peasant woman. All along the way he had to acknowledge the most enthusiastic cheering. You listened vainly for the cries of "Down with Loubet," "Death to Loubet," and "Let us hurl the traitor Loubet into the Seine."

And to-day, after more than five years' Presidentship, "Le Père Loubet's" friends and admirers are legion. Wherever he goes he is received with the warmest enthusiasm: and never, perhaps, has the enthusiasm been greater than when the President set forth on his visit to London, and when he returned a few days later, after having strengthened the "Entente" He, like M. Delcassé, has been all for the "Entente." He, like all Frenchmen, has the greatest regard and admiration for King Edward. When, in Paris, they drove out side-by-side, Parisians remarked upon their gaiety, their friendliness; and at the gala performances at the Français and Opera, boulevardiers agreed that they conveyed the impression of being veritable "copains."

But, in spite of his visits to London, Rome, and St. Petersburg, Emile Loubet still remains simple and homely. He could never be elegant. He could never be induced to choose a new tailor and hatter. And he could never be dissuaded from trotting about

"Le Père Loubet"

the village of Montélimar, umbrella in hand, and with his trousers turned up, like the smallest of small bourgeois.

Historians will not fail admiringly to record the brave, even the heroic, rôle he played in the Dreyfus affair. Well may they say that he ever had the courage of his convictions. And with equal truth may they state that, of the seven first Presidents of the Third Republic, the justest, the firmest, the most humane, and the most popular, was the kindly, homely man who went familiarly and affectionately in France by the name of "Le Père Loubet."

Corrected Impressions

DOROTHY (aged eighteen):

"Oh, father, it is *too* kind of you! May I really have my own dress allowance—a whole twenty pounds a year? Why, it's nearly ten shillings a week! You dear, duck of a father!" (*They embrace.*)

DOROTHY (aged nineteen):

"Father, it's so difficult to tell you, but—may I have a little more to dress on? I thought, perhaps, that is—well, is fifty too much? You see it isn't a pound a week Oh, father, you are kind." (*She embraces him.*)

DOROTHY (aged twenty-two), about to be Mrs. X.:

"Archie, my dear, good pater, who isn't a rich man, as you know, is going to give me a hundred a year to dress on: isn't it too awfully sweet of him. I can have some quite smart little gowns now, can't I, dear?" (*They rapturously embrace.*)

DOROTHY X (aged thirty):

"Archie darling, I've got such an awkward thing to ask you. I'm afraid I'm a little teeny bit in debt; you know dad only allows me a hundred, which is rather mean of him, and you give me fifty, and I simply can't do it. I'm in rags at this moment——Yes! well a little more would make me quite comfortable—two-fifty—darling." (*She kisses the bald spot on his head.*)

DOROTHY X (aged forty-five):

"Yes, my dear, a woman with my figure has to dress, and four hundred a year just gets me the simple things I put on. I have to exercise the most careful economy, I assure you."

Bystander Philosophy

Possibilities are improbabilities carried into force.

Conscience is ofttimes a trade-name for cowardice.

Nothing gives a woman so much character as the loss of it.

If you want to be virtuous, you must first be found out.

When a person says life has exhausted him, we know that he has exhausted life.

Truth is nothing if not respectable. It is an affectation of people of no position.

"Genus Irritabile"

Inquisitive Stranger: "Artist?"
Irritable Painter: "Yes"
I. S.: "Sketching?"
I. P.: "No—Drawing timber"

SPECIAL THEATRE SUPPLEMENT

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

Miss Grace Lane

Who played the *rôle* of the imperious Elizabeth in *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner* during its recent run at the Imperial Theatre

Two Principal Characters in "The

Photo by *A. Ellis and Walery*

Ilaria Visconti (Miss Lily Brayton)

"You are a monk, and none may call you from your holy work"

Prayer of the Sword" at the Adelphi

Eva Andrea (Mr. Walter Hampden)

"The sign has come at last! Lord! I obey."

Peter (*Mr. Gerald du Maurier*) Lancelot (*Mr. Henry Ainley*) Herr Brahmson (*Mr. Charles Cartwright*)

Peter: "Don't be an idiot, Lancelot, you must keep the pot boiling"
Lancelot: "Thank you, Peter, you can keep your tea-pot wisdom to yourself"

Brahmson, the musical publisher, offers Lancelot £30 if he will write a song to suit the young ladies. Lancelot refuses indignantly Peter urges him to accept

Photos by *Burford*

The Parting of Lancelot and Mary Ann (Miss Eleanor Robson)

Mary Ann begs Lancelot to play "Good-night and Good-bye for the last time. Peter enters unobserved, and is much flattered at having his despised song played with such feeling

SCENES FROM "MERELY MARY ANN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

THE STAGE HAND.

"'Ave you ever, while you're 'avin' a tonic between the Acts, thought o' me shiftin' St. Paul's Cathedral and luggin' on a battleship in under two minutes?"

2

"No! and the public ain't generally aware, as they watch fairies friskin' in a forest scene, that I'm 'on too, hidin' behind a mossy bank watchin' the lights—*and* the winners, in Sportin' Snips'"

"We 'ave a merry time, even when it snows. Talk about a 'Tempest,' there's no one in the Theatre to touch me at makin' thunder; and I'm a puffick terror at rain, 'ail, and 'owlin' winds!"

"The audience 'as only seen me once, when the 'rag' went up, showin' the tearful 'eroine at a window—about 400 years ago—and me, up-stage, tinkerin' with the fireplace. My exit was the hit of the evenin'"

"Puss and I've squirted limelight over most of our Stars, and worked the 'Gallopin' 'Orses'' till you'd 'ave thought the whole of the Life Guards was chargin' into the 'ouse"

"It'ud astonish an audience, watchin' the 'ero makin' love in a garden, if 'arf the Tower o' London suddenly came fallin' down from the 'flies' and knocked 'im into the orchestra, wouldn't it? Why don't it? 'Cos of US!"

OUR SHORT STORY

THE SECOND GENERATION
(A STUDY)

By CHARLES THONGER

It was barely seven o'clock, and the curtain at the Frivolity would not rise for another hour. Outside in the draughty street a shivering line of men and women waited patiently for the doors to open.

The first night of a new piece at the Frivolity Theatre always attracted a big crowd, but the fat commissionaire, peeping through his little window, declared that never in his life had he known such a queue. Every reserved seat in the house had been booked weeks in advance, and certainly not more than half the people outside would be able to gain admittance. Everything pointed to a brilliant success, and certainly it was bound to be a triumph for one person concerned.

In the luxurious dressing-room, which the management had furnished expressly for her use, Coralie Fanchon was lying reading in a big arm-chair before the fire. The soft rosy glow from silken shaded lamps, mingled with the deeper red of the firelight, and the subtle perfume of roses and cosmetics, rendered the air sweet and heavy. A silver clock on the mantelpiece had just chimed the half hour in deep, musical tones, when there was a soft knock on the door.

Coralie raised herself on her elbow, yawned, and blew a thin spiral of smoke from a tiny cigarette, which she held daintily between her fingers.

"Is that you, Bonât?"

The door opened, and her dresser appeared with an armful of flowers.

"Will Mademoiselle have her hair arranged? It is past the half hour."

Coralie stretched herself, and sat down before the glass.

"Yes, I suppose so. Who has sent flowers, anyone special?"

"Oh no, Mademoiselle. There are five baskets and two bouquets, but nothing of any importance."

Coralie sighed. She evidently felt a trifle disappointed. "Well, put them in the passage; the place is littered up already."

Her dresser obeyed, and having slipped a loose silk wrapper round the girl's shoulders, unfastened a diamond slide, and proceeded to brush out her long hair.

"Mademoiselle is not feeling nervous?" she queried, deftly twisting the soft strands of hair through her fingers.

"Nervous, what about?"

"Ah no, of course, there is no need to doubt its success. With Mademoiselle, in what will be her greatest part, there can be only one verdict."

Coralie looked thoughtful. "I wasn't thinking of that, in fact I believe I had almost forgotten I was playing to-night."

"*Ciel!* and the others, poor things, are in such a state of fever. Only just now I spoke to one of the little chorus ladies. *Ma foi*, she was trembling all over, and she with not even a speaking part. Ah, Mademoiselle is marvellous, so calm."

Coralie, with a fine brush, was indicating a faint line of colour beneath one of her brilliant eyes.

"Had no letters come for me when you passed the office?"

"No, Mademoiselle, not one, I particularly inquired. Ah, is it something Mademoiselle was expecting that has made her a trifle *distraite?*" Coralie became angry in a moment.

"Mind your own business. What a mess you've made of my hair. Give me that comb, I can do it better myself. You're no use to me at all. You'd better go down and ask if anything has come."

Bonât obeyed immediately. She was used to these little outbursts of temper, which generally occurred over some insignificant trifle. She sometimes wondered if the audience ever realised how much a dresser may be dependent upon their good humour. When they were cold and unsympathetic it was she who got blamed for everything. But there! they were all alike, and Mademoiselle Coralie was no better and no worse than the rest.

Left to herself Coralie proceeded with her toilet, applying a little touch of colour here, a suspicion of powder there, all the time critically examining herself

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in the mirror. The dress she was to wear lay across the sofa, a shimmering mass of silver tissue and frothy tulle.

Unless the glass lied, hers was a gloriously beautiful face, crowned with a pile of rich, dark hair. Her features had been pronounced faultless, and there were many who attributed her extraordinary success more to the accident of undeniable beauty than to any great ability she possessed for the histrionic art. However, the reason mattered little, the fact remained that all London flocked to see her, which was sufficient compensation to her manager as he signed the cheques for the big salary she demanded.

She was beginning to grow impatient, when her dresser returned, letting in, as she opened the door, mingled sounds of scurrying feet, suppressed, excited voices, and the distant murmur of stringed instruments.

"Two notes for Mademoiselle, and a small package."

Coralie seized the letters, and directed Bonât to put on her white satin shoes.

The envelopes were very different in character, one bearing a small monogram embossed on the flap, the other fastened by a messy-looking lump of sealing-wax, on which was the impression of somebody's thumb. She tore open the former with eager fingers. It ran:

DEAREST BUBBLES,—Just a line to wish you the best of good luck. The carriage will be round after the performance, so do not disappoint me at the Carlton for supper. Please accept the enclosed little gift, and wear it this evening. *Au revoir.*

BINKIE.

"Binkie" was young Lord Amsterley, heir to the Earldom of Betchworth, whose engagement to Coralie Fanchon had been the sensation of the London season.

The second letter looked like an appeal for charity, and she was about to throw it aside, when something familiar in the handwriting caught her eye. Opening it and extracting a small piece of paper, which did not match the covering, she gave a violent start as she read the contents:

MY DEAR MARY,—You will be surprised to hear from your father, especially as it comes from London. They have brought me up as witness in a case about sheep stealing. I found out where you was acting, and am coming to see you to-night. They told me I must come round to the stage door after it is over and I should see you come out. So I shall be there, and we can go and get a bite of something and have a talk about old times. I know that you're up in the world now, and perhaps I oughn't to ask you, but I know you will. With much love from your loving father,

JOHN COBB.

P.S.—All at home are well. Sal and Janie are quite grown up, but little Benny is dead these two years.

For a moment Coralie held the letter between her finger and thumb, in much the same way that one might handle a dirty piece of paper picked up from the street. Then she let it drop on the floor, and pushed it under the dressing table with her small satin-covered foot.

"Put on my dress, Bonât, and don't be all night about it," she said sharply.

In a few moments the silvery garment was about her, a perfume of rose petals issuing from its soft clinging folds.

"How long before my call?" she said absently, gazing with satisfaction at her lovely form in the long, mirror, around which her dresser had switched on a circle of cunningly arranged lights.

"Ten minutes yet, Mademoiselle, the boy has just passed."

"Very well, you may go. I shan't want you again. I suppose I look all right."

"Mademoiselle is superb, the gown is exquisite, *ravissante.* Mademoiselle will create the usual sensation." Bonât gave a last admiring glance and softly left the room.

Now that she was alone the girl bit her lips, necessitating a fresh application of rouge. Then she picked up the letter and carefully dropped it into the fire. With one small hand on the mantelpiece, she watched it slowly reduced to black ashes. Gazing into the blue flames, which flickered and twisted above the charred fragments, she seemed to see a small farmhouse with whitewashed walls and an ugly slate roof. There was a grass patch in front, on which three girls and a small boy in shabby clothes were playing together. A man was lifting a crate of fowls into a dealer's cart, and in the doorway a woman, with her sleeves rolled up and a coarse linen apron round her waist, was watching the scene.

Yes, times had altered since then. How mean and squalid it all seemed. To think that she was one of those children, and that the man with an armful of cackling poultry was her father.

It seemed absurd, and her eyes sought the many

"Is that you, Bonât?"

signs of luxury which now surrounded her. For five years the thought of these simple folk, living their dull and stupid lives in the country, had never come to her, and until this moment she had forgotten her kith and kin almost as completely as though they had never existed.

To think then that at the hour of her triumph, when half London would be at her feet, one of these people should come and claim her as a relation. The idea was absurd, she would be the laughing stock of the place. For a moment she felt a bitter hatred for them all—how dare he come? She had shown by ignoring them for years that they were nothing to her. Of course she would not see him, and if . . .

Her thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the call boy; it was time to go on. Hastily glancing at herself in the glass, and touching the corner of her eye-brow with a pencil, she drew on her wrap and was about to leave, when she saw the package still lying on the table. It was a diamond bracelet from Binkie, and she fastened it on her wrist as she passed down the stairs towards the stage.

Coralie passed quickly to the carriage

Never before had Coralie Fanchon received such a reception as she did from the crowded house that night. Her appearance was always the signal for tumultuous applause. Even the staid occupants of the stalls forgot their usual dignity, and at the end of the act, threw their flowers at the beautiful young actress, who, flushed with triumph, caught the admiring gaze of Amsterley as he leant forward in the stage box. It was indeed a brilliant gathering, in which wealth and fashion combined to make a display of which even the first city in the world might be proud.

But far up in the darkness of the gallery, packed in among a crowd of hot, struggling human beings, was a little grey-haired man, whose pride and happiness knew no bounds. It is true he saw but little of the stage, for, as the weakest must go to the wall, he had been pushed behind a pillar which almost blocked the view. But every now and then he would catch sight of a glorious figure, dressed in soft, silvery garments, and he felt a lump in his throat as he heard the whispered name.

Could it really be his Mary, his own flesh and blood? The little man was appalled, and tears of gratitude and joy filled his eyes, and trickled down the furrows of his cheeks. He felt he must tell those around him, not that she was his daughter, but that by some wonderful ordering of Providence he had been permitted to be her father. But no one would believe him, no one indeed noticed the insignificant little figure whose heart was beating wildly at the thought of speaking to, perhaps even kissing, the girl whose every movement they watched with breathless interest.

When it was all over, and Coralie had been led forward again and again, amidst the pile of flowers which were handed up, John Cobb stumbled down the gallery steps, and took his stand in the cold, close against the stage door. Quite a crowd had assembled there already, kept in check by several burly policemen. It was weary waiting in the draughty street, but at last the actors and actresses, one by one, and in little groups, began to leave. A flutter of excitement ran through the crowd as a smartly-equipped carriage and pair stopped before the door, and the police pushed the people back to make a passage. There was a little burst of cheering as Coralie, wrapped in furs, came out from the doorway and passed quickly to the carriage.

Only once did she raise her eyes, but in that moment she saw a face she remembered since a child. The old man scanned her closely, even wistfully, until suddenly the light of recognition broke in his eyes and he gave a little cry, which sounded like "Mary." The policeman pushed him roughly back, and in another moment she was being driven swiftly away.

Within the next two hours she had forgotten all in Amsterley's company. The gay restaurant was crowded, she was the centre of attraction, and for the second time that evening Coralie tasted the sweets of success. Afterwards, as her carriage bore her through the empty streets, and she was alone once more, the future Countess of Betchworth thought of what might have been, and shuddered. CHARLES THONGER.

DRAWN BY *I. HASSALL, R.I.*

THE ELEMENTS OF SOPHISTRY

VISITOR *(complaining)*: "I was told this place was warm and sheltered, with a prevailing west wind"

OLD SALT: "That's right, zur, October here's like July anywhere's else. Wind's a'most always in the west"

VISITOR: "But there's a cold east wind blowing now"

O. S.: "It's all one, zur. It's the west wind all right, on its road back again"

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Thackeray's Letters to an American Family." With an introduction by Miss Lucy Baxter. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.* net.)

"On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia." By the Earl of Ronaldshay. (Blackwood: 21*s.* net.)

"The Poet's Diary." Edited by Lamia. New Prose work by the Poet Laureate. (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"My Chinese Note-Book." By Lady Susan Townley. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Story of an Irishman." By Justin McCarthy. (Chatto and Windus: 12*s.*)

"British Water-Colour Art." Illustrations in Colour. Letterpress by Marcus B. Huish. (A. and C. Black: 21*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"Whosoever shall Offend. . . ." By F. Marion Crawford. Published to-day. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Food of the Gods." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Truants." By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"Nostromo." By Joseph Conrad. (Harper: 6*s.*)

"Theophano." By Frederic Harrison. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"Lindley Kays." By Barry Pain. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Hearts in Exile." By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

From JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

No. VII.

Fleet Street, October 10, 1904

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

You must order from the library *On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia*, by the Earl of Ronaldshay, F.R.G.S. (Blackwood). It is the record of a journey, lasting nearly eighteen months, through Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, Siberia, Manchuria, and across from Wei-hai-wei to Japan. The description of the actual episodes of travel might have been fuller and perhaps more interesting, but Lord Ronaldshay is something more than a mere traveller in search of novelty or sport, although there is a good deal of both in his pages. He is a young man with a keen political sense, and goes about the world with his eyes open to affairs to which the ordinary globe-trotter is blind. His estimation of the problems which confront our own empire in its eastern dependencies is wonderfully clear-sighted, and much that he writes might have been penned by a statesman of twice his years and experience. I should be quite willing to back my opinion, favoured solely on reading this book through from cover to cover, that this young man is destined to play an important part in the foreign policy of the nation in years to come. I have read him with very great interest, and I am sure that you will do so too.

A book which I have only had time to glance through, but which seems well worth reading, is *My Chinese Note-Book*, by Lady Susan Townley (Methuen). Lady Susan is the wife of a diplomatist, and her account of numerous interviews with the redoubtable Dowager Empress of China forms a fascinating chapter in her book. For the rest, there is a concise and interesting sketch of Chinese history, and a good deal of information as to religions, language, etc., all put in the most readable form. Her pages of description, too, are excellent, and altogether this clever lady seems to have used the time, which she acknowledges hangs heavily in that strange country, to the best possible advantage.

The latest of Messrs. A. and C. Black's fine series of colour-printed books is, *British Water-Colour Art, as illustrated by Drawings presented to King Edward VII. by the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour*, a title sufficiently long and important. The reproductions themselves are delightful, and contain examples of the work of most of the great artists who are working in that medium, as well as of some who use it rarely. The letterpress, by Mr. Marcus B. Huish, contains valuable information, historical and personal, as to the Society and its members, and an interesting feature is the list of colours used by each artist from information supplied by them.

Now for some novels. The most notable is Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Food of the Gods* (Macmillan). It is the story of the "Boomfood," which causes animals, insects, plant life, and, lastly, human beings, to grow to something like fifteen times their proper size, and the early pages recounting the awakening of the world to this phenomenon are as ingenious and exciting as anything Mr. Wells has ever written. The end of the story is certainly weakened by the author's attempt to assign a sort of mission to his newly created giants. Why on earth he should suppose that the world will be made better by mere physical bigness, either vegetable or animal, it is impossible to discover, for he gives us no help. Perhaps there is some hidden allegory in the story; but at any rate the story itself up to the last few pages is well worth reading for its own sake.

Mr. Barry Pain also seems to have weakened a most delightful comedy by striving to give it some sort of serious import. *Lindley Kays* (Methuen) is the story of the son of a prosperous tradesman in a provincial town. We have him in his childhood, youth, and manhood, and a most attractive, ingeniously conceived figure he is. The scenes of middle-class life in the home of the Evangelical ironmonger are drawn with inimitable insight and humour, but the story falls off in interest, and threads are dropped one by one and not taken up again. And yet this novel, in spite of faults of construction, is far above the average of modern fiction, and contains much that one would not be willing to lose.

It must be about two years ago that I first read a novel by Mr. John Oxenham, who seems to be a most prolific writer, for he has produced several new ones since then. I could hardly have believed it possible that *Hearts in Exile* (Hodder and Stoughton) should be the work of the same author as *John of Gerisau*, the difference in style and ability is so marked. *Hearts in Exile* is one of the best stories of Siberian convict life I have ever had the good fortune to read. It has more than a little of the quiet power of the great Russian authors themselves. The story is thrilling in parts and convincing everywhere. This is a book that you should certainly read.

Believe me, my dear Squire,

Ever yours sincerely,

JASPER SPEKE.

Books to Appear Shortly

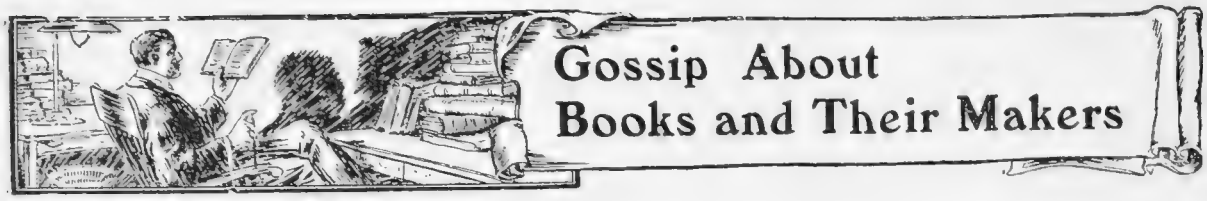
Thackeray was at his best and happiest during his two visits to America about half a century ago, so that we should get a pleasant picture of the novelist in a work entitled, "Thackeray in the United States," by General James Grant Wilson, author of "The Life of General Grant," which Messrs. Smith, Elder will shortly publish in two volumes. The book will form a fitting supplement to the volume of "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family," which the same publishers issued last week. Thackeray went to the States—like many another man—for the purpose of acquiring dollars: "not for himself, but for his little girls at home," and he was quite satisfied with his success, his first tour alone apparently bringing him in between £2,000 and £3,000. "Nothing can be in greater contrast," writes one of his biographers, "than his opinions on America and American society, and those which Dickens had formed some ten years earlier. Probably there was some change in the people themselves—Dickens, as we know, found a great change when he visited the place in 1867-68—but unmistakably there was a great difference in the glasses through which the people were regarded."

To-morrow we are to get from Messrs. Harper the first illustrated life of Madame du Barry, the famous favourite of Louis XV., that has ever been offered to English or American readers. The author, Mr. H. Noel Williams, gives a full account of her early life as the daughter of a dressmaker; of how the King first took notice of her, and then married her to Comte Guillaume du Barry, brother of her former protector, the "Roué"; of her installation at Court as *maîtresse en titre*, and of how her influence reigned supreme there until the death of Louis XV. led to her dismissal, and, finally, of how she was tried and executed during the Revolution for having wasted the treasures of the State and worn mourning for the king. Mr. Williams also tells the story of her *liaisons* with her English admirer, Henry Seymour, nephew of the eighth Duke of Somerset, and is able to include a number of the passionate love letters which she wrote to him.

Sir Alfred Lyall has finished his life of the late Marquess of Dufferin—the only biography which has the sanction and approval of the family, at whose request it was undertaken—and shortly Mr. Murray will publish it in two volumes. Lord Dufferin is exceptionally fortunate in his biographer, for Sir Alfred Lyall is not only an experienced author, but was one of Lord Dufferin's most intimate friends. There were additional ties between the two men: they were both old Etonians, and both had held appointments in India at the same time, Lord Dufferin being Governor-General, while his biographer was acting as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.

To-morrow Mr. Heinemann will publish Lady Mary Loyd's translation of Waliszewski's life of "Ivan the Terrible," the first Russian sovereign to assume the name of Tsar. It is worth remembering, too, at a time when the world is watching the great struggle between Ivan's descendants and the Japanese, that it was Ivan who made the first annexation of Siberia. Although the first Tsar was a great man in many ways, extending Russia's power in arts and commerce, as well as by arms, he was mercilessly cruel. He died in 1584 of sorrow for his son, whom three years previously he had slain in a fit of rage.

Yet another novel of German military manners and morals! This time the author is Baron von Schlicht, whose book, "Life in a Crack Regiment," is said to have already sold to the tune of 50,000 copies in Germany, notwithstanding the fact that its sale has been prohibited there. The outline of the story is given as follows: The son of a rich manufacturer, who has been personally honoured by the Emperor, receives a commission in a crack German regiment. He is tabooed by his brother officers on account of his birth, yet one, the haughtiest of them all, does not scruple to borrow money from him. The interest of the book centres in the picture which it gives of "the idle, luxurious, and often most profligate lives led by the aristocratic officers of the present day, who, often penniless themselves, do not scruple to obtain money for their needs by gambling and the most shameful methods of borrowing." Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing the book, which has been translated by F. B. Low.



Literary Partnership

Sir Walter Besant used to discuss with a good assumption of seriousness the idea of producing novels on the same lines as modern articles of furniture or machinery are made: one artificer doing this part and another that. Nobody in his saner moments can entertain such an idea for an instant. A chair is none the better because three or four men have worked on it; and assuredly the three or four men are all the worse, for not one of them can have the pride of a true craftsman who produces a whole thing. Sir Walter Besant, of course, had done a great deal in collaboration, but are we really as interested in the Besant and Rice novels as in those entirely from the hand of Sir Walter? I do not think so. Literary partnership is only interesting on the lines of the lion and the lamb, when one great man, such as Dumas, absorbs into himself the work of lesser men whose brains he has directed. France can supply many instances to go against my opinion, but there are very few in English letters. We want not only a book, but a concrete personality behind the book, and this we cannot have where two persons are at the making of it. Would we care greatly for novels by George Meredith in partnership with——, or short stories by Rudyard Kipling in collaboration with——? Surely not. Where is Kipling least worth reading? In "The Naulahka," I submit, when he wrote in conjunction with his brother-in-law, the late Wolcot Balestier; and as for Stevenson, do we not wish he had been *tout seul* in the writing of "The Wrecker," "The Wrong Box," and certain other works? I most heartily wish that Mrs. A. L. Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler) had produced "Kate of Kate Hall"—or rather a novel in its place—without any assistance from her husband. The book has been extensively advertised as going to have "100,000 readers." If so, there may be 90,000 disappointed ones. The story is a fine example of the futility of Sir Walter Besant's theory (which I am sure was only a whimsical notion with him), for while Mrs. Felkin has controlled the female puppets, her husband (who, I imagine, makes his literary *début*) has worked the males. It won't do. Literature is not made that way. One recalls "The Fate of Fenella," a novel in which a score or so of popular novelists each wrote a chapter. That was an interesting joke; but "Kate of Kate Hall" is meant seriously, and we mourn. Some good work in fiction, but none of enduring value, is being produced at present by literary couples, and I seem to remember giving quite a long list of these "workers together" some months ago; but I am sure none of them go to work in the manner attributed to Mr. and Mrs. Felkin. A new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is sure of appreciation; but more experiments of this kind no.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

The Duchess of Leeds

A gifted writer of fiction, whose two books "A Lover of the Beautiful" and "Capriccios," have met with well-deserved success

A Literary Duchess

So many of our titled folk write books nowadays, from reigning queens down to lady mayoresses, that there is scarcely any occasion to single out the Duchess of Leeds; but I happen to have been reading by chance a book of hers which I missed on its appearance six years ago, and have found it so beautiful and uplifting in its quiet idealism that I recommend it as a mind-wash after the reading of two or three newly issued novels by women whose sexual morbidity would almost make *La Goulue* blush. It is a collection of short stories entitled, not quite aptly, "Capriccios," for there is nothing unrestful or wilful about them. The Duchess writes with a charming literary style, a quality in which our professional women authors are notoriously deficient. She has only published one other book, "A Lover of the Beautiful," which appeared before "Capriccios." She celebrates the twentieth anniversary of her marriage this year, and is the mother of five children, her only son, the Marquess of Carmarthen, having been born just three years ago.

English and French Women Writers

I have hinted in the foregoing note at certain works of certain lady novelists; but I have no intention to name them, as that is just what they want. Every season confirms me in the opinion that nearly all the objectionable fiction appearing in England to-day is written by females. There are three new books this season, likely to be widely read, which, I protest, are more salacious than anything I know of in Zola: and all the work of women. I do not believe that Zola, who has found so capable a biographer in Mr. E. A. Vizetelly, was ever

pornographic for the mere lust of the thing, or he would have gone to work in a different way; but the English lady-novelists I have in mind write as they do, I am persuaded, of malice aforethought. I notice M. Huysmans has been declaring that the women writers of France have more talent than their masculine competitors. I cannot judge of the appositeness of this criticism; but I doubt it, as I doubt a good many things from the author of "En Route." Certainly the English women of the pen are not to be so complimented. If M. Huysmans is justified in his opinion: happy France, for there is much talent there among the men. I regard the appearance of M. Paul Bourget's masterly novel, "Un Divorce," as a literary event equal in importance to the publication of a Meredith or a Hardy masterpiece; and we get none of these now, alas. I am glad that M. Bourget's great novel is appearing in an English edition. Although wearing a dubious title, it is a strong and a pure book, austere, indeed, in its morality. Reverting for a moment to M. Huysmans, I find him one of the hardest French authors to appreciate, and in his miscellaneous writings his pose of aloofness from the world becomes most irritating. He likes to sneer, too, at *les Anglais*, as in his study of Bruges, where he rejoices that the English visitors cluster with magnifying glasses around the elaborately painted reliquary of Saint Ursula, 'because they leave the approach to the other works of Memling free." I suppose there is no man, alive or dead, who has done more to cultivate the taste for Memling's work, and to interpret the Bruges master, than an Englishman—Mr. James Weale—whom I met at the exhibition of Van Eycks and Memlings in Bruges two years ago.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Frank Richardson

Whose new novel, "There and Back," is being published this month

A New Humorist

Readers of THE BYSTANDER have already sampled Mr. Frank Richardson's humour, and need not to be told that he is one of our new writers, whose work makes "for human pleasure," to quote that phrase of Fitzgerald's so often on the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang. He has a new novel in the press, and I hope it may prove as good as "The Man who Lost his Past," the book by which he came into notice about two years ago. As he told us in the little reminiscence of Phil May, which he wrote for THE BYSTANDER, he is "half American and half Scotch," so that he is yet another humorist who goes to prove that the quality is not utterly foreign to Scottish character. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, by the way, is in somewhat similar case, and I saw somebody the other day pointing out that Scotsmen seem to have overlooked the fact that Thomas Hood, who was not devoid of humour, was of Scottish parentage. Mr. Richardson's earliest work, so far as I remember, was a novel entitled, "The King's Counsel," which appeared in the spring of 1902, and was by no means remarkable, except for the author's gay cynicism. It certainly lacked the qualities of genuine fun which "The Man who Lost his Past" possesses so abundantly, and I am inclined to think the better-known book came later, though I notice that a weekly journal of personalities has just been writing of it as Mr. Richardson's first. Our new humorist is a man of many gifts; educated for the law, he took to caricaturing and authorship. What his drawings lack in technique they more than countervail in humour. There is quite a group of our younger writers who can use the pencil to some purpose: Mr. Chesterton, Mr. D. C. Calthrop, Mr. A. Arthur Sykes, and others, being in this like Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose "Bab Ballads," by the way, are appearing in a new edition to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

Russian Authors' Earnings

In view of the present interest in Russian affairs a note on the rewards of literature in Russia may be worth giving. It is the custom there for writers of established reputation to sell their entire copyrights to the publishers more frequently than English authors do. Shortly before his death, Turgenieff disposed of the copyright of all his works to a publisher for £9,000. The different sums for which the productions of some of the best-known Russian authors have been sold are given as follow by my informant: those of Gogol were disposed of for £6,000; Puschkin's and Gontcharoff's each realised about £3,500; while Kryioff's fables brought about £1,400, and the entire copyrights of many well-known writers have been sold for much smaller sums than that. These particulars refer to the older school of Russian authors, and I imagine that authorship is becoming a more lucrative profession among the younger generation, as Maxim Gorky—and, by the way, a *nom de plume* is the rule rather than the exception among Russian *littérateurs*—is understood to have earned very large sums from his literary and dramatic copyrights. Although we, in England, imagine that the present is a golden age for our popular writers, generations ago there were literary successes eclipsing anything we know to-day. In his lifetime, John Keble drew £40,000 from the publication of "The Christian Year," and the first publisher of "Robinson Crusoe," who accepted it after it had been rejected by most of his colleagues, made something like £100,000 out of the venture, though I fear its author did not fare so well.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages.

City Speed Limit

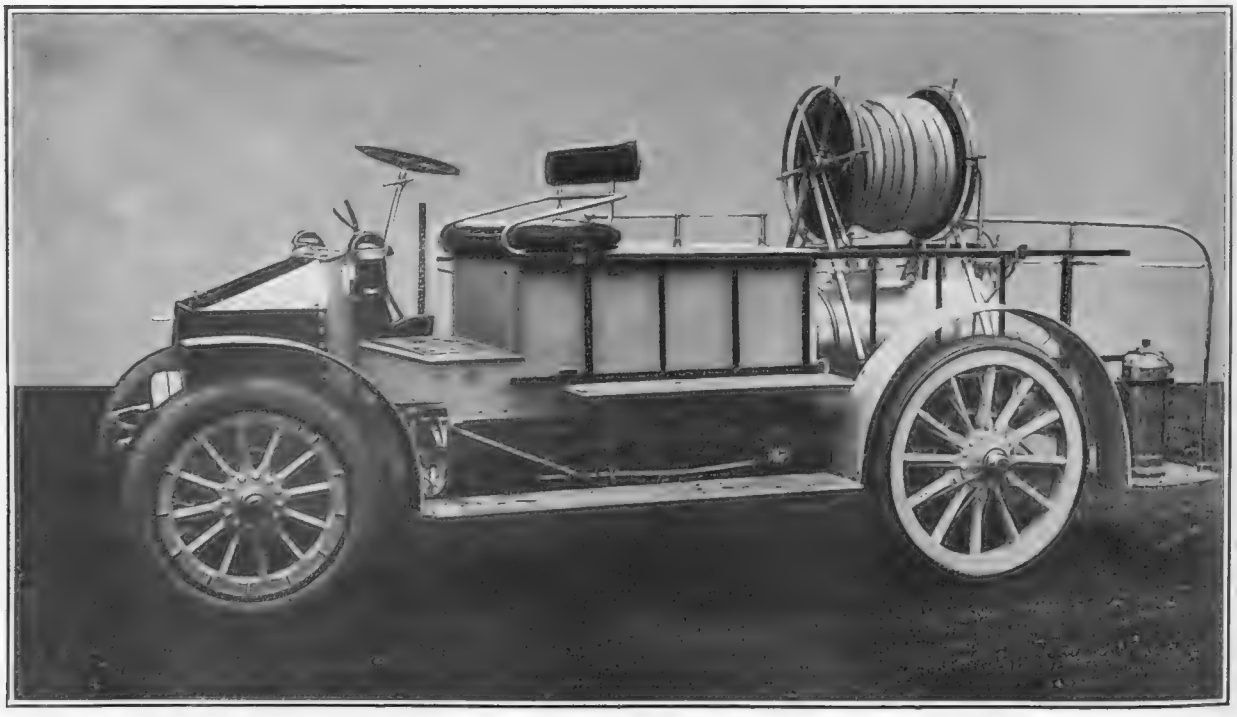
The enquiry into the demand by the City of London Corporation for the application of the 10-mile limit took place at the end of last month. Sir Homewood Crawford opened the proceedings by calling the Commissioner of Police, Captain J. W. Nott-Bower. The Commissioner stated that he did not think it safe to allow a higher speed than 10 miles per hour. Cross-examined, however, he admitted that there had only been two motor accidents in the City, and those were due to side slip.

The Reliable Hansom

Mr. Frank Francis, the Chief Clerk of the City Police, who also gave evidence in support of the application, had never heard of a single complaint against motorists, but thought a speed-limit would have a good moral effect on motorists! Mr. F. P. Alliston, Alderman of the City of London, followed this witness, and was of the opinion that a 10-mile speed-limit was required; but he discounted his evidence considerably by the amazing statement that a hansom cab was safer than a motor at a moderate speed!

Motor's Good Behaviour

Other evidence was given in support of the application, but none of it of a convincing character, all the witnesses on behalf of the Corporation admitting, when questioned, that motor traffic in the City had, up to the present, given no trouble. The Local Government Board regulations, in the 1903 Act, state that a reduction of the speed-limit shall only be applied for if it has been found really difficult to control motor traffic. The demand of the City Corporation ought never to have been made, and most certainly ought to be refused.



The new Motor Fire Engine just acquired by the Leicester Corporation

Built by the Wolseley Motor Company, it is fitted with 24 h.-p. horizontal type of engine, which gives plenty of room above the chassis

Speed-Guessing Exposed

The Automobile Club was well to the front in this enquiry, the official timekeepers to the Club, Messrs. H. Swindley and D. Straight, having previously clocked vehicular traffic in different parts of the City. Their stop-watch results quite exposed the ignorance of the police witness, and conclusively showed how impossible it is for any human being to judge speed correctly without proper timing apparatus (country magistrates, please note). The safe and reliable hansom, said the police, was the fastest horse-drawn vehicle, and that seldom if ever, exceeded 8½ miles per hour!

Fast Cabs

The Club's official put in some results obtained at Finsbury Pavement. They had timed a hansom to do 9 miles per hour, a mail van 10¼, while three other cabs travelled at the rate of 11, 11¼, and 11½ miles per hour. Several cabs in Victoria Street did well over 10 miles per hour. Victoria Embankment yielded, however, the highest speeds, railway omnibuses reaching 15¾, 14·1, and 12 miles per hour, while some hansoms exceeded 15 miles per hour. These results, properly obtained by such experienced timekeepers, show the absurdity of any 10-mile limit. May they be taken to heart by other Corporations who may be contemplating a 10-mile speed-limit.

Some Relief

The motorist who is generally held liable for anything and everything that happens in connection with his vehicle, has received some measure of relief. At Marylebone Court, Judge Stonor decided recently that a car owner is not liable for the consequences of his driver's acts when the driver is acting contrary to orders. It was a case in which a chauffeur ran into a cab, while driving his master's car for his own amusement, after he had been ordered to put it away for the night.

Written Agreements

The defendant's counsel contended that as the driver was not engaged in the ordinary course of his employment the defendant could not be held liable — the judge agreeing, gave judgment accordingly. One of the great difficulties in connection with motor-cars is to prevent the man from taking his friends for a spin. It is generally at night, and he invariably over-drives. Owners would do well to have written agreements with their chauffeurs, in which this is expressly forbidden. Such a document would be useful as evidence in a similar case.

The Sandy Soudan

A few weeks ago the results of the racing at Velvet Strand, near Dublin, led me to suggest that our English seaside resorts would do well to examine the firmness of their sands with a view to local motor racing. Influenced, no doubt, by the success of the Irish meeting, Major-General Sir F. R. Wingate, the Sirdar, has been experimenting with a motor-car on the sands at Dunbar, during his holiday in Scotland. The results were, to a certain extent, encouraging, and there is every prospect that, in the near future, motors will be

Gabriel on his De Dietrich, which is to compete for the Vanderbilt Cup in America

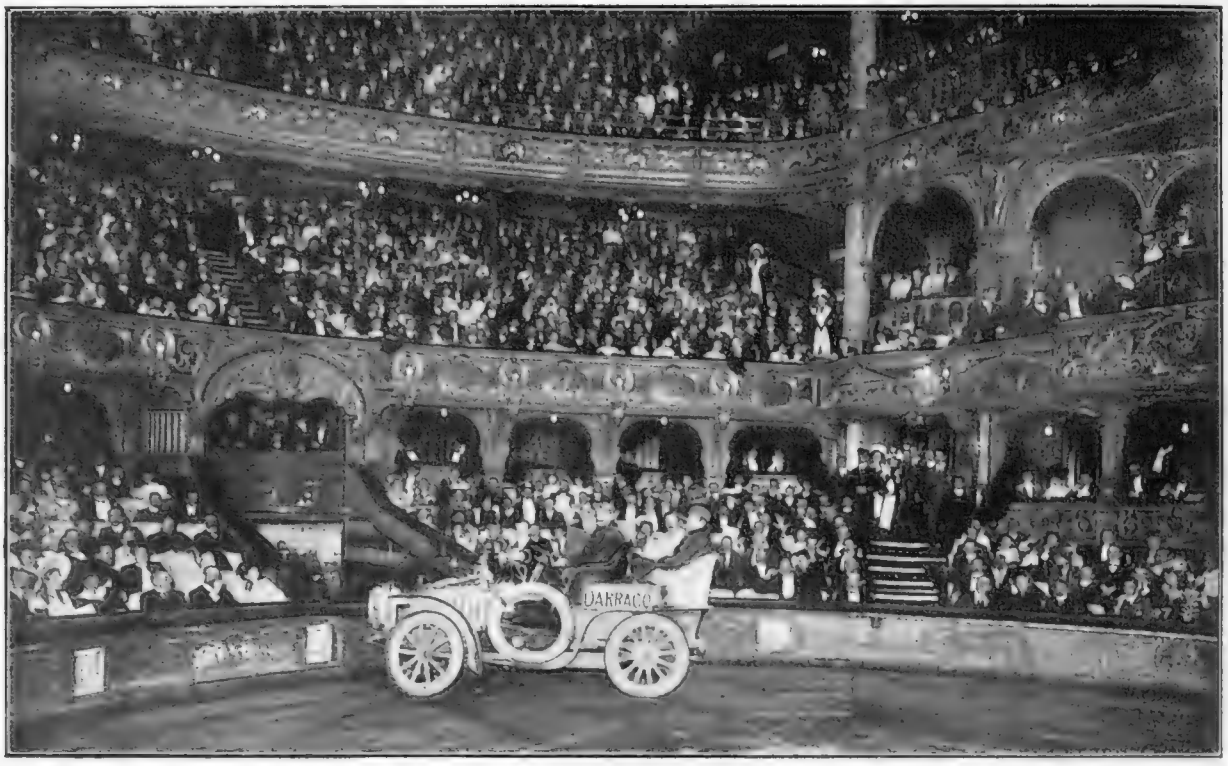


Photo by *Campbell and Gray*

Mr. A. Ford's arrival at the Hippodrome on his 15 h.-p. Darracq after breaking the world's non-stop record

The record previously stood at 2,350 miles. Mr. Ford's engine ran continuously for 2,390 miles, the distance being traversed in 204 hours

extensively employed in the Soudan and Far East. The car used, a 12 h.-p. Arrol Johnson, was fitted with solid tyres. The type of tyre is, of course, all important. They must be broad if they are to carry weight on a soft, sandy surface.

The Next Gordon-Bennett

The rumour that the French Government will not give the necessary permission to hold the race in France is not yet confirmed. Aix-les-Bains is mooted as the starting and finishing point, and the town authorities have offered a substantial subscription of several hundred thousand francs towards the cost of the race. If the club can find a suitable course in this neighbourhood, which does not require much neutralisation, it stands a good chance of being chosen.

Remunerative Racing

There can be little doubt that road racing is a splendid advertisement to the competing manufacturers. Most owners like to see their particular fancy running, and wax enthusiastic over its merits should it chance to win. To this fact is probably due the decision of the MM. Renault Frères to re-enter the arena. Always first in the Voiturette classes in early racing days, their wonderful Paris-Vienna and Paris-Madrid triumphs hall-marked their products. The sad death of M. Marcel Renault in the big 1903 "course" prevented their appearance in this year's contest. The firm, however, intend taking part in next season's races, and should they build a 1,000 kilo car for the Gordon-Bennett whirlwind it will take some catching.

Smashing a Record

On September 23, Mr. A. Ford started from Liverpool, on a 15 h.-p. Darracq car, to break the world's record non-stop run —which up till then stood at 2,350 miles. Travelling between Liverpool and Brighton and Brighton and Perth, he motored almost continuously for nine successive days. On Saturday evening, October 1, he finished in the arena of the London Hippodrome. Here the engine, which had been running continuously, was stopped. The exact distance travelled was 2,390 miles, covered in 204 hours. Mr. Frank Trussell, the manager of the Hippodrome, gave the audience, many of whom were well-known motorists, a brief account of the run. Finally, this unique turn was concluded by Mr. H. Rawlinson, a director of the Darracq Company, presenting Mr. Ford with a brand new car, in recognition of his achievement.

Traps

So annoying are these wretched police traps that, after being caught a few times, one tends to have a sneaking sympathy with the criminal classes. To avoid such a deplorable feeling, study my recent lists. In particular, remember that

EASY DOES IT

Past Norman Cross and Becken (both these North road traps are working regularly).

Approaching and leaving Cowfold (London to Brighton road).

Round Castleford and Selby, Yorkshire.

Last, but not least, Hyde Park. (Police are there every day.)

Alfred C. Hunter.

An Amusing Cycle Carnival at Portsmouth

A make-believe motor-car built on a tricycle

Photos by *Cribb*

"The Handicap of Marriage"

A topic of the day, illustrated in the procession, which caused much merriment

Edited by Hon. L. J. BATHURST

On Hare-Hunting

With fox-hunting dealt with so fully in our last week's Special Hunting Supplement, the present week grants a welcome opportunity of saying a few words about hare-hunting, which, though undeniably popular, is apt to be ousted from regular mention by the more thrilling incidents of the two other departments of the chase. The most enthusiastic of harrier men would hardly assert that the chronicles of their sport provide absorbing interest to the outside world. Nevertheless, hare-hunting possesses many advantages of its own; it is economical, the chances of a really bad day, blank or absolutely scentless, are slight, and, among a dozen other claims for eulogy, it may well be contended that in a harrier field the percentage of really keen lovers of hound-work, as apart from galloping and jumping, is decidedly high. To these blessings might almost be added the encomium once bestowed, to the disparagement of fox-hunting, by a farmer's wife, "Any way, it most nigh always has victuals at the end of it." How anyone could care to pursue a non-edible quarry the good dame utterly failed to see; but this, presumably, is not the point of view of the majority of green-coated sportsmen.

Harriers and Hounds

Without entering into the threadbare discussion of the precise identity of the pure harrier, it is interesting to note how the hundred and odd packs which exist in England and Wales are composed. So-called "pure" harriers and the "stud-book" variety are almost equal, the latter preponderating very slightly, though Sir John Amory's pack, from which foxhound blood is entirely absent, is included in the official volume. In all the other packs in the stud-book foxhound crosses have been pretty freely used. Under the description of "cross-bred" packs there were, last year, fourteen returns, while of those in which both "pure" harriers and dwarf foxhounds were to be found there were eight only. Ten packs were acknowledged as being wholly constituted of dwarf foxhounds. As for the points by which harriers are judged, it may be noted that at Peterborough and most other shows the judges are instructed to follow foxhound lines. If some dissatisfaction has been caused by this step, it is to be remembered that in the earlier days of the harrier show at Peterborough there were special classes for old English harriers, but such wretched entries were obtained that they were dropped. As for the contention that harriers should be judged *qua* harriers, and not as foxhounds, the difficulty of arriving at any fixed type for the judges to follow is manifest, since in 1891, when a committee investigated the question, the report stated that there were then from twelve to fifteen different kinds of hounds hunting the hare.

Popularity of the Sport

At a time when Great Britain is mourning the loss of one of its greatest Statesmen it would be ungenerous to criticise the advisability of the Ground Game Act, with which measure the deceased Minister's name was so intimately associated. Suffice it to say that, at the time of its enactment, the Act was generally looked upon as the death blow of hare-hunting. Curiously enough, however, not only has the sport survived, but it may almost be said to date its revival from that period. When fox-hunting had attained its zenith as *the* sport of the *élite*, "currant jelly" was used as a term of something like derision. The popularity, however, which has since that epoch attached to harriers is never likely to assume such proportions as to threaten the future of the diversion, which does not lend itself to the presence of large fields of horsemen. When it is found that more people attend the fixtures than is desirable, it is so easy to diminish the amount of publicity, as a comparatively small radius is covered in a day's sport, whereas in fox-hunting it is absolutely necessary that a wide district should be notified of the hounds' whereabouts. When, therefore, one sees the meets of a pack of harriers advertised, it is pretty safe to assume that there will be no crowd.

An Unique Fixture

It is not often that a pack of hounds is advertised to meet on the quay of a busy seaport; though, judging from the amount of pleasure afforded by obliging Masters on our side of the Channel in fixing appointments in market-places and the like, it is probable that the maritime population of Waterford appreciate the favour bestowed upon them by the Master of their county pack. From the illustration, which represents the opening Meet of the Waterford Hunt, it may be presumed that Mr. Pollok had some little anxiety in disengaging his hounds from the attentions of his numerous followers. Still, as a fine wild country can be gained within a very short distance of the town, his solicitude was doubtless of no great duration.

Shooting in October

Pheasant-shooting in early October always seems to me to have a distinctly comical side. Of course, there are the requirements of the larder to consider, and the individual who would not raise his gun at a bird going in the wrong direction near the boundary

would be scarcely human. Still, it is entertaining to hear the fictitious enthusiasm which is invariably paraded about shooting pheasants out of outlying spinneys. We are all of us perfectly aware that we merely do it to save our neighbours the trouble of killing the birds, due care being taken that the survivors be frightened from the right quarter. And we always explain our motives so plausibly; our neighbours are, of course, very good fellows, but likely to get all they can, or perhaps they

Photo by *Poole*

The opening Meet of the Waterford Hunt on the Quay, Waterford, Ireland

WITH THE FIRST BARREL

"leave everything to the keeper." For my own part, when, at this season, guns are audible just across my boundary I can hear myself being traduced as the greediest of men, the impoverishment of whom by some few head is positively an act of justice. But the thought does not disturb my equanimity; the libel is quite expiable.

A True Story

The activity of Inland Revenue officials with regard to game licenses is not, as a rule, too vexatious, but there are exceptions. A certain official, whose zeal was notorious, hove in sight the other day while a party of six guns were enjoying their sport, and mutual enquiries elicited the unpleasant fact that the host alone had complied with legal requirements. This bearer of the license upon his person happened to combine with a portly figure a resourcefulness and courage of no mean order, and, offering to extricate his guests from their dilemma, left them at a brisk trot, with the official, naturally enough, in full chase. When at last overtaken, his exhaustion was such that no reply to his pursuer's interrogatories was for some time forthcoming. At last, however, with a bland smile, he produced the desired document. But why, questioned the representative of Government, had the worthy gentleman fled with such manifest discomfort? The law of real property, rejoined the still gasping landlord, surely sanctioned healthy exercise on one's own estate; and now, he continued, he would, with his new companion's leave, return to his shooting party, who, apparently, had in the meanwhile made considerable progress in a contrary direction.

Ducks

Seriously, however, it would be of advantage if a little more vigilance were practised by the authorities in respect of restraining promiscuous gunners to whose unlicensed efforts the scarcity of wild-fowl on most of our lakes and rivers is largely due. There are, of course, a certain number of estates where wild-fowl are as carefully preserved, and as successfully reared, as pheasants, excellent sport resulting. But woe betide the duck should he stray to neighbouring streams; for every hand is against him, and so tempting a morsel is he considered by poachers, that a long vigil or the risk of detection in broad daylight are as nothing where his slaughter is concerned. Though a smart lurcher is much esteemed by the fraternity, and a good game terrier is not without its uses, a dog that is keen at water is the most cherished of all the poacher's accomplices. The commodity, moreover, seems to be fairly plentiful in that class of society, though, strangely enough, few keepers appear to be able to instil aquatic faculties into the dogs in their more legitimate charge. R. G. J.

Photo by *Read*

A "Pack" of Toy Beagles belonging to Lord Hopetoun

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: ASTON VILLA AND SUNDERLAND DRAW

A close shave: Aston Villa pressing

The thirty thousand spectators who turned up at the Aston Villa ground, Birmingham, to witness this match, got full value for money. Three goals inside of three minutes must be enough even for Northern enthusiasts

Aston again force the game

In the latter half of the game the Villa played up very strongly, repeatedly pressing their opponents in the region of goal, but they only managed to equalise, and the game was drawn at two goals each

RUGBY FOOTBALL: HARLEQUINS AND RICHMOND DRAW

A good rush by Harlequins

After the keenest of games this match ended in a draw, the scores being one try (3 points) each

A hot corner: Harlequins' forwards put in some good work

"Scrums" were frequent, and the game throughout was very fast. Gibson, playing back for the "Quins," did a wonderful lot of collaring

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Royal and Ancient Autumn Meeting

The most important club meeting of the year has come and gone. I refer, of course, to the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. The principal medal competed for at that meeting—the King William IV. medal—is a prize which is eagerly coveted by all first-class golfers, and the proud winner of it rightly considers that he has secured a trophy placing him almost on a par among golfers of the year with the Amateur Champion. For, consider for a moment the field which competes for that medal. It comprises almost the entire pick of the great golfers, North, East, West, and South. There are exceptions, of course, notably the great Hoylake triumvirate, Messrs. Ball, Hilton, and Graham. But at St. Andrew's you will find Messrs. Maxwell, Laidley, Blackwell, Balfour-Melville, the Hunters, and Mr. C. K. Hutchison. Anyone winning in that company may, without flattery, consider that he has compassed a great achievement. I am delighted to see the name of Mr. Charles Hutchings among the competitors, as I had heard accounts of his doings on the Buxton links which showed that he was on the high road to recovery, and once more capable of wielding his clubs with all his old deadly accuracy. His active presence on the links has been sorely missed by us all for these past two years, and we all heartily welcome his return to the ranks.

The New Captain, Mr. Ralph Dalyell

This year, my old friend, Mr. Ralph Dalyell, inaugurated his year of Captaincy of the Royal and Ancient Club by striking off the first ball on the medal day. He belongs to that good old school of golfers who bore aloft the torch of golf in the South in days when the Southerner did not know the difference between a niblick and a pick-axe. His active duties in the service of the State prevented him from devoting sufficient time, as a young man, to his favourite game to enable him to reach the scratch ranks, but he has always played a sound and steady game with a neat and graceful style, and I can vouch, personally, for his excellent qualities as a partner in a foursome. The welfare of the premier golf club of the world could not be in safer keeping than in his hands, and I warmly congratulate the past captains of the club on having paid such an excellent and lovable golfer such a graceful compliment.

Mr. Norman Hunter's Magnificent Score

I rejoice to find that my prophecy some time ago concerning the great future lying before Mr. Norman Hunter, as a golfer, has been so speedily verified by the truly magnificent score of seventy-four with which he won the King William IV. medal. This lowers the record by two strokes, and will probably stand for some time. Mr. Barry, the runner up, did a seventy-five, and must be warmly congratulated on his brilliant performance. He is a young St. Andrew's University undergraduate, and his future doings will be watched with interest.

Professionals' Association Tournament at Richmond: The crowd following Taylor and Herd

This great tournament was inaugurated by the *News of the World*, the links being lent for the occasion by the Mid-Surrey G.C.

Casual Water

The business meeting of the club, which took place the day previous to the medal day, was of more than ordinary importance this year, as the Rules of Golf Committee were proposing certain alterations in the rules. The most important of these alterations dealt with the question of casual water on the putting green. Under the present rule, when a player's ball is in casual water on a green, he is only allowed to place it by hand "behind the water." When this rule was being framed, I strongly represented to one of the members of the Rules of Golf Committee the inexpediency of framing the rule in that way. I pointed out that it would necessarily involve the use of a mashie on the putting green for the purpose of lofting over the intervening casual water. Now, the number of players who can be relied on to loft a ball on a putting green with a mashie without damaging the green is certainly very small, and the rule therefore was a bad one from the point of view of the green-keeper. It was also a bad one from any point of view, for casual water is not a recognised hazard,

Professionals' Association at Richmond: A. H. Toogood driving from 12th Tee against J. Hepburn

Toogood, playing up to his name, was unapproachable. He played splendid golf, and defeated his opponent, his score being 63 (for 16 holes)

and really has no right, under properly regulated meteorological conditions, to be on a putting green at all.

Suggestions and Objections

I, therefore, strongly urged that a player should have the right to place his ball to the side of the water so as to get a clear putt at the hole. To this my friend replied that that would not cover the case of a man whose ball lay not in, but short, of the water. "It would," he said, "be rather hard if I, by a deader approach, stop short of the water, and my adversary with a bad and stronger shot gets into it Is he then to be allowed to have a clear putt at the hole while I must either play round or loft over?" To this I rejoined by suggesting that the rule should lay it down that when a player's ball lay in casual water, or when casual water intervened between him and the hole, he should in either case be permitted to place his ball in the nearest position (but no nearer the hole) which would give him a clear putt to the hole. My friend would have none of this, however, as he alleged it would entail too much handling of the ball, and would raise difficulties as to the proper placing of the player's ball. By the proposed alteration, the player, whether his ball lay in casual water on the putting green, or with casual water intervening between it and the hole, would be allowed to place his ball in such a position, no nearer the hole, as would enable him to get a clear putt at the hole. The mills of golf grind slowly, alas! so far as St. Andrew's is concerned, and I regret to have to record that the proposed amendment of the Rules of Golf Committee was defeated by a narrow majority. We are thus saddled with this absurd rule for some further time until the dictates of common-sense cause the members of the ruling club to accede to the sensible alteration suggested by the Rules Committee, evidently in response to a large body of outside opinion.

Ernest Lehmann

J. H. Taylor driving against Alex Herd

This match was a grand struggle, the men driving to the last hole all square. Finally, amid great excitement, Taylor won by one up

The British Dairy Farmers' Association:

Lord Rothschild's Shorthorn Heifer, "Damson"—1st Prize

Prize Table Poultry

Pair of pullets—cross Indian Game and Dorking

Farm Life in the Agricultural Hall, Islington

A view of the Hall: Butter-making while you wait

The trussing of poultry is a good drawing attraction

The Croquet Tournament at Eastbourne

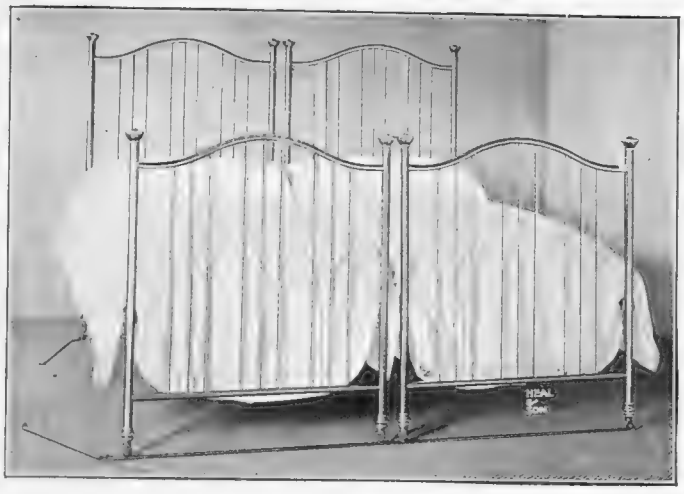
The finish for the Championship: R. C. J. Beaton, the winner

Photos by *Lavis*

A group of leading croquet players at the Eastbourne Tournament

The group includes: Messrs. Cullen, Clarke, O'Callaghan, Beaton (Champion), Willoughby, Captain Dixon-Greene, Hon. Stephen Coleridge, Major Lightfoot, Mrs. Ellice-Clarke, Miss Stewart, Miss Rolls Hoare, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Mrs. Percy Barry, Mrs. Hassard, Miss Wileman, Mrs. Cullen, Miss Coote, Miss Elphinstone-Stone, Miss Rowley (All England Champion), Mrs. Wrangham, Mrs. Luscombe, Mrs. Chancellor, Mrs. Whateley, and Miss Willis

HEAL & SON'S



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A Woman's Pocket Book

Hats and Hands

I see the newspapers have talked about the matinée hat being present in large numbers during the trial of Keiro and his wife, the well-known "professors" of palmistry, in Bond Street. I am pleased to say I did not help to swell the number, thus facetiously described, but I do not mind confessing that I have taken a great deal of interest in the case.

Credulous Women

I know from experience that women are very prone to believe in fortune telling. There are numerous cases I know of personally where my sex have been influenced by the advice of fashionable palmists, and, to put it mildly, that advice has not always been advantageous. One instance I may cite. I know a lady who had a small private fortune, and who had already passed her first youth; she was of a sentimental nature, and rather fond of dabbling in what I might, perhaps, term occult science. Well, she consulted a certain fashionable palmist, and he, after reading her hand and putting a few well-directed and subtle questions to her, informed her that within a couple of years she might expect an offer of marriage. The palmist went so far as to tell her that the swain would not be handsome, nor would he be wealthy; but, on the other hand, he would be constant, devoted, and make her, in fact, an admirable husband.

Lessons in obedience

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY KATE PRAGNELL

The Truth Predicted

Within two years what the palmist foretold came to pass; at least, to a certain extent. My friend did receive an offer of marriage, but I, who had the privilege of meeting the gentleman, could not see that his conduct or appearance tallied with the character already foretold of him. In one way "the professor" libelled him; for he was decidedly good-looking, and he was certainly several years younger than the lady. I will even go so far as to say he was fascinating, and it is needless to add that my friend became wildly infatuated with him. They were married, and, of course, the marriage turned out very badly. He had deceived her throughout, his sole object being to obtain possession of her small fortune, and once having spent this he deserted her.

The Wiles of the Palmist

Now I am perfectly confident that if this lady had never been misled by the wiles of the palmist about finding a husband who would be constant, etc., etc., she would have perceived the real character of the man she married, before it was too late; for he was one of those persons whose superficiality was apparent to everyone in their right senses, and besides she was fully warned about him. Thus this is one case where a person has suffered through believing that palmists can foretell the future, and I expect nearly every reader of these lines could quote an instance of a similar nature.

The Truths of Palmistry

I do not mean to say by this that palmistry is altogether a fraud! It is quite possible that one's character may be told by the hand, although even with regard to this, I must confess to a certain scepticism. How certain lines on a hand can give an indication to the most important characteristics of a person is a matter that at least requires some scientific explanation; but even if one were to admit that this were the case—that is to say, that a hand showed the attributes of a person—it is quite another matter to foretelling the future. Common sense should convince anyone that lines on the hand cannot possibly predict an event to take place some years in advance, and anyone who pretends to be able to make them do so is pretty clearly imposing on the credulity of a confiding nature. I sincerely hope that the publicity given to the Keiro case will induce people to spend their superfluous cash a little more profitably to themselves.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Bystander, October 12, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

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HINDHEAD DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, a charming old-fashioned FARMHOUSE, converted into a gentleman's Residence: 4 reception, studio, 8 bedrooms; stabling & outbuildings; 2 acres of grounds, more adjoining if required. (12,086)

WINCHESTER (near).—To be SOLD, a valuable ESTATE, extending over nearly 600 acres, with excellent Farmhouse, containing: 3 reception & 7 bedrooms; also 6 cottages & an excellent range of farm buildings; hunting & shooting exceptionally good. Price, £6,750. (12,432)

LOWESTOFT (near, in the Broads district.—To be SOLD, a pleasantly situate HOUSE, close to station, post & telegraph office, standing in well laid-out grounds of about 7 acres. Accomodation: spacious hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling. Price, £4,000. (12,442)

BATH (in most fashionable situation, facing park).—To be LET at once, a charmingly Furnished HOUSE, with 6 bed, bath, boudoir, 4 reception rooms, electric light, small garden. For terms apply to GILLOWS. (12,444)

CATERHAM VALLEY (7 minutes from the station).—To be SOLD, or LET, a detached RESIDENCE, built in Gothic style, containing: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), grounds of 1½ acres, including tennis lawn. Price, £2,900. Rent, £110. (12,372 A)

SURREY (in the pine and heather district, within 2 minutes of a station).—To be LET, Furnished, for the winter, a charmingly situate RESIDENCE, standing in 2½ acres of grounds. Accommodation: 4 reception, 6 bedrooms, & usual offices; stabling for 2. Rent, 5 guineas a week. (E L 172)

IPSWICH & YARMOUTH (between).—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE standing high within easy reach of the Broads. Accommodation: 3 reception. 11 bedrooms, stabling for 2, pleasure grounds & tennis lawn, paddock, in all about 5 acres. Price, £2,800. Would be LET on Lease. (12,395)

TORQUAY.—To be SOLD, a picturesque, ivy-clad RESIDENCE, in excellent repair, standing on high ground, with delightful views of the surrounding country. Accommodation: 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 6, lodge grounds of 12 acres.—Price & full details on application. (12,435)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, a well-built modern RESIDENCE, comprising: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms; stabling for 3, good cottage, 12 acres of ground & land; excellent centre for a hunting man. Price, £2,600. Would be LET on Lease. (12,005)

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NEAR GOLF LINKS.

SURREY (Epsom), in this favourite district, with its excellent train service to and from Town.—For SALE, the above charming RESIDENCE, standing in beautiful old grounds and park land, approached by carriage drive, with lodge entrance. It contains: lounge hall, 3 spacious reception rooms, complete domestic offices, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling of 8 stalls, double coach-house, harness room, and ample accommodation for men; small farmery, cottage, etc.; well laid-out pleasure grounds, lawns, terrace walk, fully-stocked kitchen garden, vinery, etc., in all about 13 acres.—Price and further details on application to HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GRAVEL SOIL. SOUTH-WEST ASPECT.

WIMBLEDON COMMON.—The specially well-built and luxuriously-appointed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, known as "Grange Cottage," Wimbledon Common: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 baths, ground floor offices; charming garden, fives court, and site for motor-house. Total frontage to one of the most favoured roads in the district of about 150ft. Road charges paid. For SALE by Private Treaty.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., and High Street, Wimbledon Common.

WIMBLEDON (on the hill-slope).—£1,800 will buy an excellent FREEHOLD HOUSE, for a family, containing: 3 reception rooms, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms, one suitable for ¾-size billiard table, ground floor offices; conservatory, garden, with room for tennis. Or would be LET, at £95 per annum.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

BUCKS (near Henley-on-Thames).—To be LET on Lease, at a low rent, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate 1 mile from the river. The accommodation comprises: vestibule hall, dining and drawing rooms (each about 21ft. by 15ft.), morning room, servants' hall, kitchen, and usual offices, 9 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms (h. and c. water); stabling for 3 horses, 2 coach-houses, harness room, outbuildings, and coachman's 6-roomed cottage. The pretty grounds, of 3 acres, which are intersected by a trout stream, are laid out in tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubbery, and paddock.—For further particulars, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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ON HIGH GROUND, NORTH OF TOWN, A MOTOR DRIVE OF THE CITY.

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A GEM IN ARCHITECTURE AND POSITION (within an hour of Town, 600ft. above the sea, amidst the exquisite scenery of the Surrey Hills, surrounded by wooded and heathered commons, and near a favourite golf course).—For SALE, Furnished, for 3 years, a delightfully quaint Old English RESIDENCE, perfectly sheltered from cold winds, yet enjoying every ray of sunshine; splendid pure air and magnificent views, and on greensand soil. Lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, bath, and 11 bedrooms. Servants' hall and offices. Stabling for 6; 2 cottages. Terraced and Italian gardens, kitchen garden, vinery, orchard and paddock.—Further details, price, etc., of HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, Oxted, Surrey, and at 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W., who can strongly recommend from personal inspection.

GREAT BARGAIN.

£1,550 WILL BUY an exceedingly attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situate 10 minutes from Bury St. Edmunds Station, and contains: hall, dining, drawing room (leading to conservatory), morning room, usual offices, 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 staircases; stabling for 2, coach-house, harness room, etc.; electric light; the grounds are beautifully timbered, and completely walled in, and include lawns, productive kitchen garden, vinery, etc., in all over an acre.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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27 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

TO BE SOLD, a picturesque Freehold RESIDENCE within seven minutes' walk of station on G.N. Ry. with excellent train service to the City. The Property is very well built, and the interior decorations are most artistic. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, pretty drawing room, dining room, study, lavatory, and w.c., with excellent offices; 7 bedrooms, well-fitted bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; electric bells throughout, telephones from principal rooms to servants' quarters. National telephone connected. Excellent stabling for 4, with married coachman's quarters over; well-wooded garden tastefully laid out, tennis lawn, terrace walk, etc. Modern drainage.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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35 MINUTES FROM TOWN WITH FAST TRAIN SERVICE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position on high ground. It is approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: entrance hall, 15ft. by 7ft., gallery hall, 30ft. by 14ft., charming drawing room, 30ft. by 14ft., opening to conservatory or winter garden, 36ft. by 17ft. 6in., dining room, 22ft. by 15ft., morning room, study, and complete domestic offices, including servants' hall, upper hall, 38ft. by 23ft., fitted and used for billiards, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4, 2 double coach-houses, and man's room over; laundry; electric light throughout; motor-house. The delightful old grounds are beautifully timbered, and comprise: tennis and other lawns, with spreading cedars, prolific walled kitchen garden, orchard, vineries, cucumber, tomato and melon houses; a stream runs through the grounds, and a wood affords many delightful walks: 2 paddocks, piggeries, poultry sheds, and useful outbuildings; 13 acres of arable land let off at 50s. an acre; main water and drainage. Rent, only £140, small premium, or would be LET at an increased rent of £200; usual valuations.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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ESTATE AGENTS

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AT A VERY LOW RENT.

Within 30 minutes of City and West End. 50 Acres. Billiard Room. Electric Light.

KENT.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, on Lease, a magnificent old-fashioned Family MANSION, part dating back to the Reformation, standing amid grandly-timbered park of some 50 acres, and most conveniently placed within a mile of railway station. It is approached by a beautiful avenue carriage drive, with lodge at entrance; entering under a portico, forming a lobby, is the fine entrance hall, ante-hall, and garden lobby, handsome drawing room, dining room, library, morning rooms, and billiard room. 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent offices. Stabling for 5 horses, coach-houses, grooms' rooms, and extensive outbuildings and farm buildings. The pleasure grounds are exceedingly beautiful, and form a great feature of the property.—Further particulars and series of photos of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), who can confidently recommend same from a personal inspection. (U 2,498)

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List of everything available for the autumn and winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF THE PARK.

VERY handsomely furnished and well-decorated TOWN HOUSE to be LET, with immediate possession if required. The accommodation comprises: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 good reception rooms, lounge hall, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices, fitted with every modern convenience. Rent, to include good stabling for 4 horses, with rooms over, 500 gns. for a year.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

OVINGTON SQUARE.—Well-furnished RESIDENCE to be LET for the winter months containing: 6 bedrooms, 3 good reception rooms, bathroom, and full domestic offices. Rent, to include wages of a good housemaid, only 8 gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum; and also furnished from 3 gs. to 30 gs. per week. A carefully selected List of flats available for the winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

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AT A VERY LOW RENTAL.

KENSINGTON.—Newly Furnished and decorated FLAT to be LET, containing: 5 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; electric light. Rent, only 3½ gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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SUSSEX (near Hayward's Heath).—To be LET, Unfurnished, this charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, on the outskirts of a picturesque village. It is comparatively modern, and erected in the Gothic style. The accommodation comprises: 4 or 5 reception rooms, 7 or 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and excellent offices. There is good stabling for 3 or 4 horses; and the grounds, which are prettily laid out, with well-stocked kitchen garden, are about 2½ acres in extent, and a meadow of 3¼ acres adjoining could be rented.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,454)

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SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.

SURREY (located amidst most beautiful scenery and yet considerably under an hour from the Metropolis).—For SALE, an attractive and perfectly situate Freehold RESIDENCE, lying in a lovely district, approached by a private road, and in excellent order throughout. The accommodation is arranged on two floors, and comprises: drawing, dining, and morning rooms, conservatory and good offices; 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Modern stabling in enclosed yard for 3 or 5 horses, coach-house, and cottage. Charmingly pretty and beautifully-timbered grounds, with old oak, Scotch firs, and other trees; picturesque summer-house, pleasure gardens, tennis and croquet lawn, shrubberies, shady walks, good kitchen garden, etc., in all nearly 2 acres.—Full particulars of the Agents, OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SANDY SOIL. CHARMING SITUATION. HAMPSHIRE.

£2,000, FREEHOLD, or would be LET, Furnished, picturesque HOUSE, 5 miles from station and 4 from Hindhead. Contains: 3 large sitting rooms, large studio, 7 or 8 bedrooms, kitchen, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, and large outbuildings; church and post-office under 1 mile; good social district; 2 acres of garden, tennis court, kitchen garden, large greenhouse; grass land adjoining could be Rented or Purchased.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

AUCTIONEERS

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COBHAM (one of the choicest spots in Surrey, in close proximity to the famous pine woods and heather and gorse-clad country).—For SALE, exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE, with half-timbered gables and mullioned windows, and surrounded by about 2½ acres of delightful grounds. About a mile from station, and the accommodation comprises: sitting hall with inglenook, dining and drawing rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; excellent stabling.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

JACOBEAN RESIDENCE.

700 FT. ABOVE SEA. 14 ACRES.

£5,000.—A charming historical RESIDENCE, in excellent order, in a beautiful position on the borders of Kent and Surrey, under 4 miles from 2 stations. Grounds comprise: large lawn, flower and kitchen garden, fine avenue of old trees, paddocks, glasshouses, etc. Contains: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, boxroom, etc.; ample stabling. Near church, telegraph, and post.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

VALUERS

OAK-PANELLED COTTAGE RESIDENCE

RENT, £125 PER ANNUM. NO PREMIUM

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£1,100.—In a fine open position, on the borders of Berks and Surrey, conveniently near station and in a good social neighbourhood. To be SOLD (might be LET), a first-rate RESIDENCE, standing well back from road, and containing: entrance hall, drawing, dining, and morning rooms, kitchen and offices; 7 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, etc. Capital pleasure and kitchen gardens, lawn, etc. Two-stall stable, coach-house with loft, and man's room.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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A FINE HOUSE, WITH OVER 2,000 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, one of the most ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATES in the North. The property is in perfect order throughout. The HOUSE is modern Elizabethan, and contains: oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, several bathrooms, and every imaginable convenience, including electric light and hot-water heating. First-rate hunting, good shooting; rich pasture land.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have just been over this estate, and are able to recommend the property with confidence.—Offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

AT A SACRIFICE.

£7,500 WILL BUY a Compact SPORTING ESTATE which has cost, within the last two years, over £12,000. It is situate in Sussex, in a beautiful part of the county, on the borders of Surrey, and comprises a pleasure farm of 166 acres, mostly grass, with a charming old Residence, which has been modernised and brought up to date; electric light, modern sanitary arrangements; 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bath; stabling and farm buildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, secondary residence, 4 cottages, etc.—Further particulars, photographs, and plan, of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property, and can thoroughly recommend it. (2,600)

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN. STATION 1 MILE

GOLF, HUNTING, AND FISHING.

TO BE SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, in a lovely district quite in the country, the above picturesque and thoroughly well-built RESIDENCE, standing high on a southern slope of a hill, in grounds of 4½ acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; modern drainage; Company's water and gas laid on; stabling for 2 horses. Extra land can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,140)

IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

ABOUT ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

£4,500 will purchase this charming COUNTRY PROPERTY, complete in every detail, and ready for immediate occupation. The well-planned HOUSE stands in pretty and well-timbered grounds of nearly 2 acres all laid out as gardens. Accommodation: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and well-fitted offices. In first rate repair. Gas laid on. Stabling for 3 horses, cottage. Near 2 stations with excellent train service. Specially recommended.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Estate Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,681)

COUNTRY HOUSE WITH 10 ACRES.

ON THE BORDERS OF HERTS.—One hour of town, to be SOLD a modern RESIDENCE of attractive appearance. Accommodation: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), etc. Stabling for 6 horses, gardens and meadow land. Price, £2,750, or would be LET, Unfurnished, at £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,483)

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ELECTRIC LIGHT. EVERY IMAGINABLE CONVENIENCE.

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AN ESTATE IN WILTSHIRE FOR SALE AT A LOW FIGURE.

A FREEHOLD SPORTING and RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 550 acres, situate about 700ft. above sea level, with a capital Residence, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, etc. Pretty gardens and grounds, large conservatory. Modern stabling for 5 horses. Farm buildings, bailiff's house, and 5 cottages. Sporting good.—Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,576)

NEAR BURNHAM BEECHES, BUCKS.

£1,850 for a small COUNTRY PROPERTY, situate within 50 minutes of town, amid delightful scenery. The HOUSE, which stands on high ground, is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bath (h and c.), etc. Stabling for 3 horses, gardens and paddocks of 3½ acres. More land adjoining may be purchased. Gravel soil.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,660)

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY PLACE IN SUSSEX.

£2,500 for a Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 20 acres, with a well-built House ready for immediate occupation. Beautiful views. 3 reception and 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. Stabling and farmery. Lawns, gardens, and excellent pasture. Would be sold with less land. Specially recommended.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,626)

FIRST-RATE SPORTING ESTATE. INEXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN. SHOOTING, FISHING, HUNTING, AND GOLF.

TO BE SOLD, in a favourite county, 2 hours from Town, a fine SPORTING PROPERTY of about 3,000 acres, in a ring fence, including 500 acres of covert. The House is in perfect order, with electric light installed, and has just been re-decorated throughout. Inspected by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. Photo and plan at offices.

WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

TO BE LET, Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.—Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F[illegible])

A COMPACT LITTLE PROPERTY IN EAST KENT.

FOR SALE, the owner going abroad, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing on high ground overlooking the Valley of the Stour; approached by a carriage drive, and containing: 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bath and offices; 2 conservatories; stabling for 3; cottage; the grounds extending to 3 acres are shady and retired and comprise lawns, gardens, and meadow; golf, shooting, and fishing. Price £1,500, or with furniture, £2,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,592)

IN THE HIGH, HEALTHY, AND PICTURESQUE GERRARD'S CROSS DISTRICT. ON GRAVEL SOIL.

TO be LET, Unfurnished, this pretty old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 2 good reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and domestic offices. The House, which is approached by a carriage drive, stands in beautifully-timbered and matured grounds extending to 30 acres, including lawns, paddocks, and woods. Golf links within 2 miles. Stabling for 8. Rent, £160 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,669)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Month.	Increase of Business over last Year.	Occupants of Apartments during Month.	
		1904.	1903.
JUNE	49 per cent.	6,033	4,605
JULY	50 ,, ...	5,921	2,779
AUGUST	94 ,, ...	5,646	2,032
SEPTEMBER (up to the 28th)	93 ,, ...	5,476	2,503

The number of Visitors to the Savoy Restaurant from 1st June to 30th September shows an increase of 17,827, compared with the corresponding period of last year.

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No. 45.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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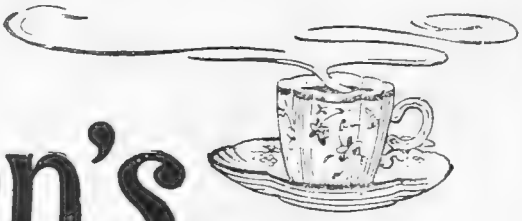

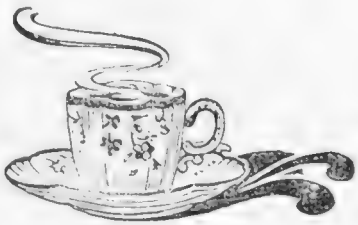

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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Quite the most fashionable fad of the moment appears to be the "Handicap of Marriage" Every man, woman, and, I was going to say, child, appears to have a mission to say something on the subject, and the something, no matter how futile it is, contrives to find printing space. Indeed, the only absentees from this gallery of cacklers are the women whom it might reasonably be supposed are the only fair and impartial judges of the whole vexed matter. I refer to those who as wives and mothers, yet stand, by reason of an income earned and administered by themselves, on a true equality with men in general and their husbands in particular.

Sifted down to the root of their origin, nine-tenths of the disordered marriages may be traced to a lordly misunderstanding of domestic economies. From pure ignorance on the subject, the men want so much and are prepared to pay so little. As a sex, we are accused of resorting to every imaginable small meanness, and, to some extent, this is undeniably true. But to look that attitude fairly and squarely in the face, we must admit the consistent following of a weekly, nay daily, wrestling with an allowance totally inadequate to meet the demands made upon it, and perceive the habit that has become ingrained of endeavouring to prove that every shilling represents eighteenpence.

Just to level things out quite justly, how would it be if men sent out a special commission to sit upon the monetary outlay of the averagely endowed housewife? I fancy some such procedure would show certain matters up in an illuminative light, and account, at the same time, for some considerable share of the disordered marriages which the discussion now raging has brought on the tapis.

From an original design

A stylish Autumn Costume

What Constitutes Extravagance in Dress?

Nor am I prepared to concede the point, that we women to-day, taking us as a whole, spend more on our clothes than did our grandmothers. We make more show and fine parade, but for solid outlay and worth, I have it not on one, but several fine authorities, that our forebears walked round us in point of expenditure. And *apropos* of that very same cheap display, there are several indications that point to the possibility of the average Englishwoman at last being induced to follow the policy of her French sisters. This in effect indicating the possession of a really good outdoor costume, which is never, under any circumstances, retained in the house, where, according to the moment, an exchange is made into a house gown, tea-gown, evening gown, or *negligée*. For the one-frock policy has been

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The new Beaver Mushroom Hat

proved over and over again to spell the deepest extravagance.

The very worst, notoriously the worst, dressers are those who spend their money thinly over a wide surface, a spirit of poor emulation prevailing throughout. Whereas the other side to that story is quality rather than quantity. In which connection there comes the consideration of money laid out in the cause of a smart fur coatee, or perhaps some handsome stole and muff, something, anything to give point to the appearance. And up to or round this, build the season's outfit, elaborating and adding to according to one's position and banking account.

Two Strong Convictions

Every day that dawns brings with it an increasing liking for corduroy, and also a stronger predilection in favour of the fuller and less trimmed skirt. How can we, indeed, be expected to countenance a *jupe* allied to a long basqued coat, in the upholding of which the edict grows more and more emphatic.

There is a particularly nice example of the latter illustrated from a model that was arranged in grey and powder-blue check tweed, the cuffs and collars faced royal blue velvet, and vest of buff kersey cloth, narrowed to a sharp point at the base.

The Influence of the Stage

The latest addition to thoroughly well-dressed stage pieces is *His Highness My Husband* at the Comedy. The note modistic is significant in several instances here, as, for example, the evening wrap of chiffon. There are one or two of these, but a pink confection stands forth a conspicuous success, with touches of brown fur about the shoulders, while all seem to boast the notable feature of extravagantly long sleeves. The belt, shaped into a sharp point at the back, an upward point *bien entendu*, appealed as distinctively novel. Whatever other things we left behind at the Comedy, Ambrosine and I carried home a lively recollection of those belts, and an avowed intention of ornamenting our own backs to a like becoming end at the very earliest opportunity. Then the fashion of the fichu bodice is so delightfully rendered, and in such infinitely varied fashion, as to be stamped at once with a *cachet* of the best convictions.

To those who observe, the decided change of outline must be very marked, for there is a complete rather sudden cessation to anything pertaining to the drooping shoulder. Not infrequently the treatment of the shoulder line is continued on to the sleeve, but in such manner as to accentuate the *bouffant* effect, rather than, as formerly, producing a depressed sloping line downwards. To revert for one more moment to those dresses at the Comedy, there is a white creation worn by Miss Miriam Clements, of some soft, clinging fabric like cashmere, that is quite a little gem in its way. A quantity of white silk Russian braid is the decorative *motif*, while the manœuvring of the bodice touches the very epitome of sartorial skill, the fichu folds drawn into a deep buckle of white silk across the centre of the figure, above a high-draped *ceinture* of the cashmere, and opening upon a chemisette of tucked white muslin and lace, punctuated with tiny brown velvet buttons. And no word picture can fitly reveal the fascinating flavour of that *imprevu* touch of brown.

At Marshall and Snelgrove's

An important mission, and one not to be missed on any pretext, is an exhaustive investigation of the autumn stock of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. What a good shop this is, its excellency never varying, no matter how capricious *La Mode*. A very education in chiffons, and one not to be equalled anywhere, is their expansive counter at the Vere Street entrance. The show of ribbons, as may be imagined, is supreme this season, and the eye wanders in tantalised indecision from *ombré* qualities to lovely brocades, the while one fingers in delicious anticipation the possibilities of *panné* and *souple* satin. Nothing will induce us to reveal what is happening in cravats, vests, fichus, and the like adorable fripperies. These are always far too subtly dainty to have justice meted out to them in bare description, and at Marshall's they are invariably individual. So please everyone go and see for themselves. At the same time take a peep at the mantles, especially those of fur, and the evening wraps. That the firm have a secret source for securing the latter we have long suspected, and this year our suspicion is verified beyond all question of doubt. Everyone is showing *souple* cloth evening cloaks, but it has been reserved for this Oxford Street house to grasp the *vraie chic* of the notion.

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Bridge: By Problematicus

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTION OF OUR FOURTH HOLIDAY COMPETITION

Our Fourth Holiday Competition produced some interesting solutions; and the First Prize, the Bystander Morocco Bridge case, containing playing-cards, markers, rules, etc., has been awarded to:

G. H. Savage, Esq., Matfield Grange, Kent.

SOLUTION

The Declaration.—A should leave it. Some competitors made A make a defensive spade declaration. But, with an ace in your hand, this is timorous. B declares no-trumps.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♣ 7	♣ 9	♣ A	♣ 3
2	♡ 2	♡ J	♡ 5	♡ 3
3	♠ K	♠ Q	♠ 2	♠ 4
4	♡ 6	♡ Q	♡ K	♡ 4
5	♣ 2	♡ A	♡ 10	♡ 7
6	♠ 3	♠ J	♠ A	♠ 5
7	♦ 4	♦ 2	♡ 9	♡ 8
8	♣ 6	♦ K	♦ Q	♦ 3
9	♦ 6	♠ 9	♠ 10	♠ 6
10	♦ 7	♠ 7	♠ 8	♦ 5
11	♣ 8	♦ 10	♦ J	♦ A
12	♣ 10	♣ J	♦ 8	♣ 5
13	♣ Q	♣ K	♦ 9	♣ 4

Result

A B win 6 tricks.

Y Z win 7 tricks.

Trick 2.—Z leads up to B's hearts, because B must make two of them; and if Y gets in, he knows exactly what to lead, and Z himself must make two of them. Neither diamonds nor spades are quite as good.

Trick 3.—A opens spades from dummy thinking that he is most likely to make one in them. The queen is the best lead, because if Z holds the king he must cover and lead up to dummy.

Trick 4.—Y cannot use his long clubs for he has no card of re-entry, therefore he gives Z back his heart.

Trick 7.—A clings to B's four suit in spades and discards a diamond.

Trick 8.—Z can now be sure of the third round in diamonds, and he is over B in spades, while Y is sure to hold the clubs safe if B leads them. Therefore he leads the queen of diamonds.

Trick 9.—A's only chance of the odd is for the spades to be evenly divided, therefore he leads a third spade from B's hand.

Five Further Prizes of two packs of the charming Bystander playing-cards, in box, have been awarded to:

Miss E. Schreiber, Bognor, Sussex.

Miss Harford, Blaise Castle, Henbury.

A. O. Wood, Esq., R.N., Carisbrooke, Mannamead, Plymouth.

Inpector-General Hadlow, R.N., Winton, Southsea.

Talbot Hassell, Esq., Tynemouth, Northumberland.

The Menu

Now that October has come in and nearly all the owners of country houses are entertaining for the shooting, the hostess naturally finds plenty to do in the catering for her guests. Fortunately, the food supply of every kind is abundant, and, as pheasants this month are with us, it should not be so very difficult to provide, especially when the larder is well filled with all sorts of game. A pheasant should not be eaten fresh, and should be allowed to hang till the blood runs from the bill. Cold game for breakfast is generally appreciated, and one of the most popular ways of cooking a partridge for that meal is to serve it broiled. Then there are various ways in which pheasants can be dressed, and a *salmi* of any kind of game is not to be despised. This makes an excellent *entrée:*

FRENCH SALMI OF GAME

Strip the skin from the thighs, wings, and breasts. Arrange the joints evenly in a clean stewpan, and keep them covered from the air till wanted. Cut into dice 4 oz. of lean ham, and put it with 2 oz. of butter, into a stewpan; add three or four minced shallots, 2 oz. of sliced carrot, four cloves, two bay leaves, a dozen peppercorns, one blade of mace, a small sprig of thyme, and a small bunch of parsley. Stew these over a gentle fire, shaking them often, until the sides of the saucepan appear of a reddish-brown. Then mix well with them a dessertspoonful of flour, and let it colour. Next, add by degrees, making the sauce boil as each portion is thrown in, ¾ pt. of strong real stock or gravy, and nearly ½ pt. of cooking sherry; put in the bodies of the birds and boil them about an hour and a half; strain and clear the same quite from fat, pour it on the joints of game, heat them in it slowly; and when they are near the point of boiling, dish them immediately with fried sippets round as a garnish. A dozen or so of small mushrooms thrown into the butter, with the other seasonings, is a great improvement to the sauce.

BROILED PARTRIDGE

Split a young and well-kept partridge, wipe it inside and out with a cloth, but do not wash it; broil it over a very clear fire, sprinkling it with a little salt and cayenne; rub a piece of fresh butter over it the moment it is taken from the fire, and send it quickly to table with a sauce made of a good slice of butter browned with flour, a little water, cayenne, salt, and mushroom catsup poured over it.

JUGGED HARE

Cut the hare up into joints, not too large, dredge with flour, and fry in ¼lb. of butter. Put it into an earthen jar, add 1½pt. of gravy made from 1½lb. of beef, thickened with a little flour, and coloured, if necessary. Add an onion stuck with cloves, a bunch of sweet herbs, peel of a lemon, a good seasoning of pepper, salt, and cayenne. Cover the mouth of the jar with a flour and water paste, put it in a saucepan of boiling water just up to the neck. Boil slowly for four hours, take care to keep the water boiling. When nearly done, add ½ pt. of port wine or claret. Serve in a deep dish, very hot, and garnished with forcemeat balls. Serve red currant jelly with it.

Emilia.

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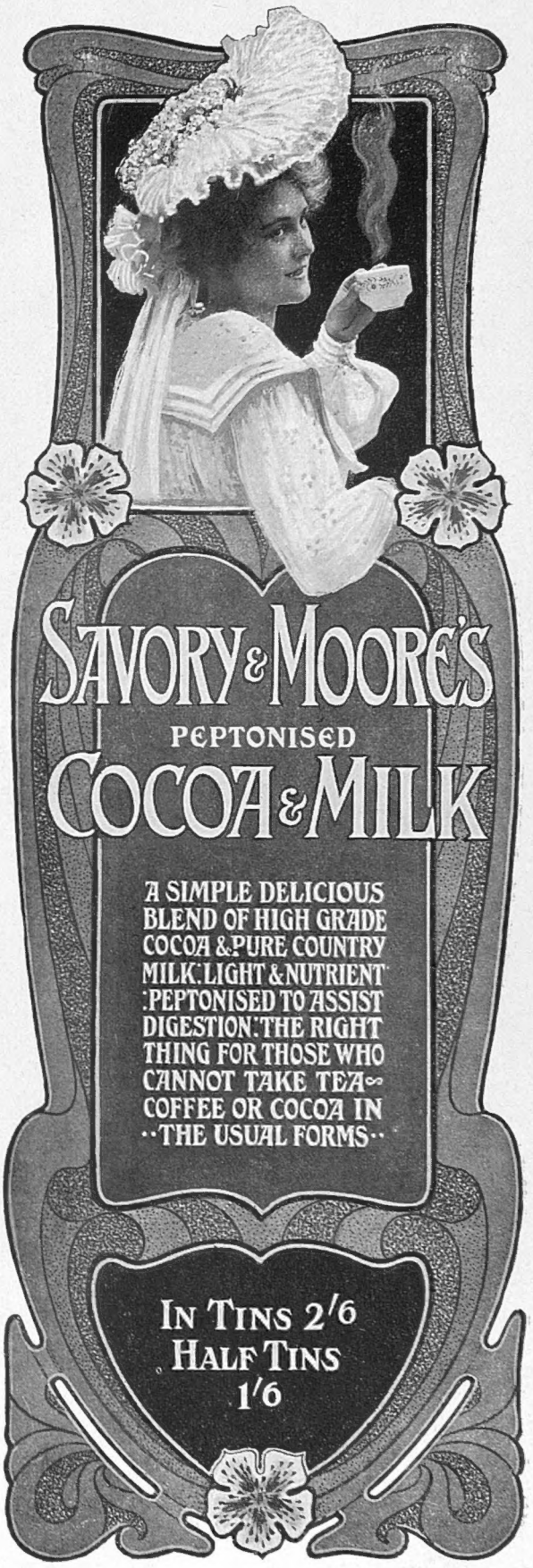

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES

King's Theatre, Hammersmith

It has often been remarked that the "book" of *La Poupée* holds its own, and that the music, for a light piece, has not been surpassed. There may be dissentients from this view, but no one certainly can question the remarkable freshness of the comic opera. The story always amuses, and the music always pleases. Last week *La Poupée* exerted its old influence and packed the King's Theatre every night. Mr. Eric Thorne and Miss Stella Gastelle have been associated with the piece for some considerable time. Mr. Thorne is a comedian whose performance makes one marvel that he is not seen more often in London. Miss Gastelle is a comedienne with a remarkably pretty voice. The doll is a *rôle* eminently suited to her talents.

Covent Garden

The first ball of the season at Covent Garden brought the usual strong muster of revellers intent on enjoying the one really frivolous diversion which is left to the depressed Londoner. After the usual greetings between *habitués* had been exchanged, there was general dismay at the curtailment of the floor space. The tall Italian colonnades which rose above the orchestra were very graceful, but where, O where, was that long stretch, flanked by a bar, in which the frenzied cake-walker was wont to pursue his devious course? The new barrier is, we believe, necessitated by the arrangements for an autumn season of opera, but for a brief period it seemed to cast a damper on a most enjoyable evening.

The German Season

The clever German players who came over to London almost unheralded but six years since, and gave their repertory with but little pretensions as far as scenery and costume are concerned, made so many friends that their visit became an annual affair. The appearance of the Company, under the direction of Messrs. Hans Andresen and Max Behrend is now looked forward to by a large body of playgoers. The sixth season is announced to commence on November 8, and once more our German friends will find a home at the Great Queen Street Theatre.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"The Story of the Heavens"

We have received from Messrs. Cassell Part I. of the new serial issue of "The Story of the Heavens," by Sir Robert S. Ball, price 6*d.* net. It is beautifully printed, and contains some deeply interesting plates on a large scale for the study of the heavens, together with a diagram of the northern constellations. Of the letterpress, written as it is by the greatest authority in England, it is sufficient to say that everything is fascinatingly and interestingly described. We look forward with interest to the next number of this series, which we learn will appear on October 14.

NEW NOVELS

"Beatrice of Venice." By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Brethren." By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Major Weir." By K. L. Montgomery. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Style in Furniture." By R. Davis Benn. (Longmans: 21*s.* net.)

"The Verney Memoirs." Vol. I., 1600-1659; Vol. II., 1660-1696. Compiled by Frances and Margaret Verney. (Longmans: 12*s.* net.)

"The Temple of Art." A Plea for the Higher Realisation of the Artistic Vocation. By Ernest Newlandsmith. (Longmans: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Red Adventure Book." Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Cassell and Co.: 5*s.*)

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"Tennyson's Idylls of the King." Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"How to Become a Teacher." By T. W. Berry. (Fisher Unwin: 1*s.* net.)

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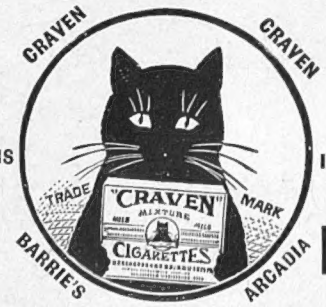

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